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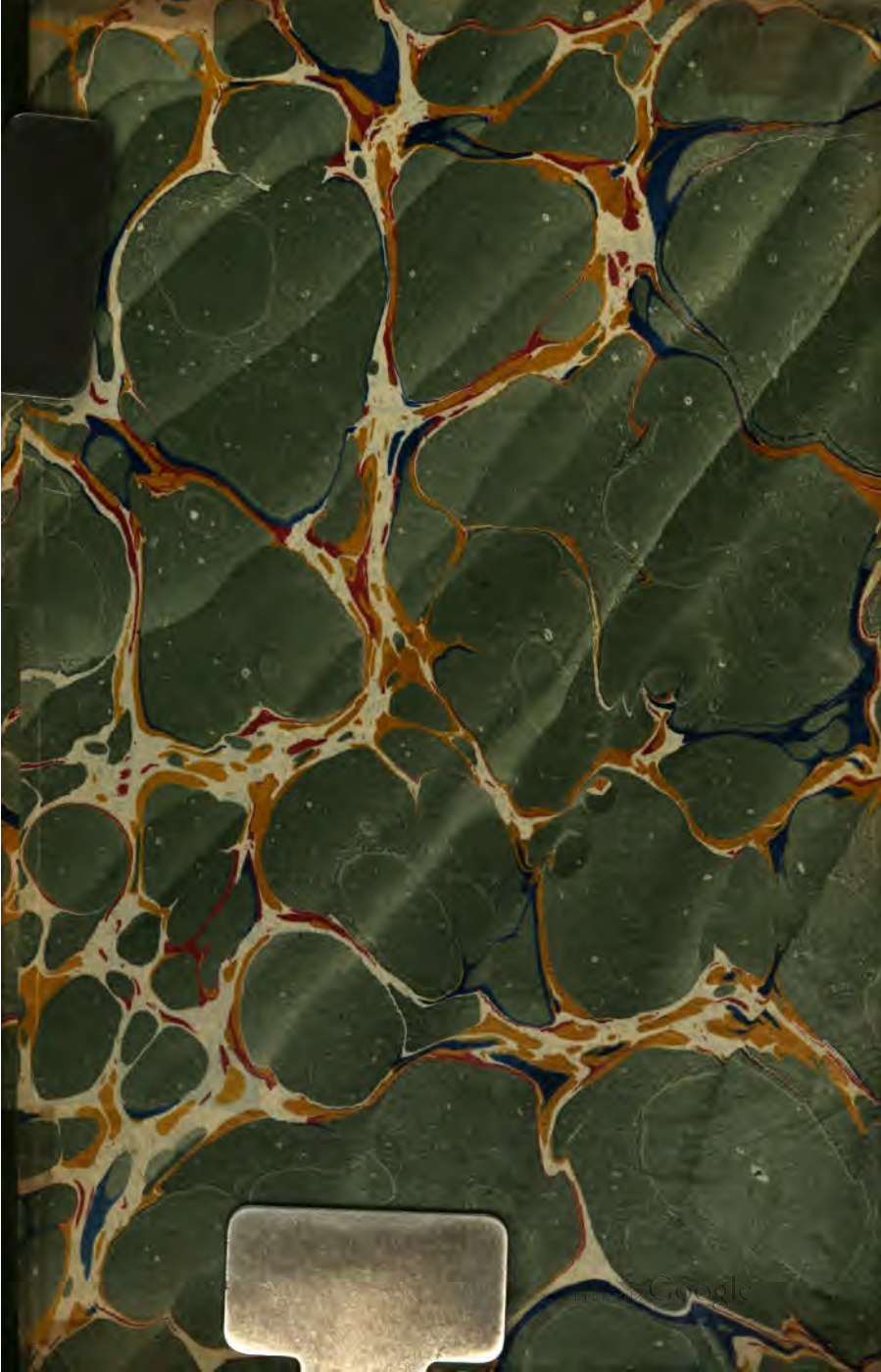

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ANCIENT ENGLEISH

METRICAL ROMANCEËS,

SELECTED AND PUBLISH'D

BY JOSEPH RITSON.

VOL. II.

Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis
Nunc situs informis premit ac deserta vetustas.

HORATIUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND COMPANY,
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METRICAL ROMANCEËS.

LYBEAUS DISCONUS.

Jhesu Cryſt, our ſavyour,
And hys modyr, that ſwete flowr,
  Helpe hem at her nede
That harkeneth of a conquerour,
Wys of wytte and whyght werrour,
  And doughty man in dede.
Hys name was called Geynleyn,
Beyete he was of ſyr Gaweyn,
  Be a foreſt ſyde;
Of ſtouter knyght, and profytable,
Wyth Artour of the rounde table,
  Ne herde ye never rede.

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Thys Gynleyn was fayr of fyght,
Gentyll of body, of face bryght,
All bastard yef he were;
Hys modyr kepte hym yn clos,
For douute of wykkede loos,
As doughty chyld and dere.

And for love of hys fayr vyys,
Hys modyr clepede hym *Bewfys*,
And no nothyr name;
And hymfelf was full nys,
He ne axede naght, y wys,
What he hyght, at hys dame.
As hyt befelle upon a day,
To wode he wente, on hys play,
Of dere to have hys game;
He fond a knyght whar he lay,
In armes that wer ftout and gay,
Ifclayne, and made full tame.

That chyld dede of the knyghtes wede,
And anon he gan hym fchrede,
In that ryche armur;
Whan he hadde do that dede,
To Glastyngbery he yede,
Ther ley the kyng Artour.

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He knelede yn the halle,
Before the knyghtes alle,
And grette hem with honour;
And ſeyde, Kyng Artour, my lord,
Graunte me to ſpeke a word,
I pray the pur amour.

Than ſeyde Artour the kyng,
Anoon without any dwellyng,
Tell me thyn name aplyght,
For ſethen y was ybore,
Ne fond y me before
Non ſo fayr of ſyght.

That chylde ſeyde, Be ſeynt Jame,
I not what ys my name,
I am the more nys;
But, whyle y was at hame,
My modyr, yn her game,
Clepede me *Beau fyz*.
Thanne ſeyde Artour the kyng,
Thys ys a wonder thyng,
Be god and ſeynt Denys,
Whanne he that wolde be a knyght,
Ne wat noght what he hyght,
And ys ſo fayr of vys.

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Now wyll y yeve hym a name,
Before yow alle yn ſame,
For he ys ſo fayr and fre;
Be god, and be ſeynt Jame,
So clepede hym never hys dame,
What woman that ſo hyt be.
Now clepeth hym alle yn us
Lybeau desconus,
For the love of me;
Than may ye wete a rowe
The fayre unknowe,
Sertes ſo hatte he.

Kyng Artour anon ryght
Made hym tho a knyght,
In the ſelve day;
And yaf hym armes bryght,
Hym gertte wyth ſwerde of myght,
For ſothe as y yow ſay.
And henge on hym a ſcheld,
Ryche and over geld,
Wyth a gryffoun of ſay;
And hym betok hys ſadyr Gaweyn,
For to teche hym on the playn,
Of ech knyghtes play.

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Whan he was knyght imade,
Anon a bone there he bad,
And ſeyde, My lord ſo fre,
In herte y were ryght glad,
That ferſte fyghte yf y had,
That ony man aſketh the.
Thanne ſeyde Artour the kyng,
I grante the thyn aſkyng,
What batayle that ſo hyt be;
But me thyngeth thou art to ying,
For to done a good fyghtynge,
Be awght that y can ſe.

Wythoute more reſoun,
Duk, erl, and baroun,
Wheſch and yede to mete;
Of all manere fuſoun,
As lordes of renoun,
Ynowgh they hadde ete.
Ne hadde Artour bote a whyle,
The mountance of a myle,
At hys table yſete,
Ther com a mayde ryde,
And a dwerk be here ſyde,
All beſwette for hete.

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That mayde was clepede Elene,
Gentyll, bryght, and ſchene,
A lady meſſenger;
Ther nas conteſſe, ne quene,
So ſemelych on to ſene,
That myghte be her pere.
Sche was clodeth in Tars,
Rowme and nodyng ſkars,
Pelvred wyth blauner;
Her ſadell and her brydell, yn fere,
Full of dyamandys were,
Melk was her destrere.

The dwerk was clodeth yn Ynde,
Before and ek behynde,
Stout he was and pert;
Among alle Cryſtene kende,
Swych on ne ſchold no man fynde,
Hys ſurcote was overt.
Hys berd was yelow as ony wax,
To hys gerdell henge the plex,
I dar well ſay yn certe;
Hys ſchon wer with gold ydyght,
And kopeth as a knyght,
That ſemede no povert.

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Teandelayn was hys name,
Well ſwyde ſprong hys ſame,
Be north and be ſouthe;
Myche he couthe of game,
With ſytole, ſautrye yn ſame,
Harpe, fydele and crouthe.
He was a noble dyſour,
Wyth ladyes of valour,
A mery man of mouthe;
He ſpak to that mayde hende,
To telle thyn erynde.
Tyme hyt were nouthe.

That mayde knelede yn halle,
Before the knyghtes alle,
And greet hem wyth honour,
And ſeyde, A cas ther ys yfalle,
Worſe wythyn walle
Was never non of dolour.
My lady of Synadowne
Is broght yn ſtrong pryſon,
That ys greet of valour,
Sche prayd the ſende her a knyght,
With herte good and lyght,
To wynne her with honour.

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Up ſtart the yonge knyght,
Hys herte was good and lyght,
And ſeyde, Artour, my lord,
I ſchall tho that fyght,
And wynne that lady bryght,
Yef thou art trewe of word.
Than ſeyde Artour, That ys ſoth,
Certayn withoute noth,
Thereto y bere record;
God grante the grace and myght,
To holde up that lady ryghte,
Wyth dente of thy ſword.

Than gan Elene to chyde
And ſeyde, Alas that tyde
That i was hyder yſent,
Thys word ſchall ſpryng wyde,
Lord kyng, now ys thy threde
And thy manhod yſchent.
Whan thou ſchalt ſende a chyld,
That ys wytles and wylde,
To dele thoghty dent,
And haſt knyghtes of mayn,
Launcelet, Perceval, and Gaweyn,
Prys yn ech turnement.

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Lybeaus deſconus anſwerde
Yet was y never aferde
For doute of mannys awe,
To fyghte wyth ſpere or ſwerd,
Some dell y have ylerde,
Ther many men were yſlawe.
He that fleth for drede,
I wolde, be way or ſtrete,
Hys body wer to-drawe;
I wyll the batayle take,
And never on forſake,
As hyt ys Artours lawe.

Than ſeyde Artour anon ryght,
Thou geteſt none other knyght,
Be god that boghte me dere,
Yef the thyngyth hym not wyght,
Go gete the on wher thou myght,
That be of more powere.
That mayde, for wrethe and hete,
Nolde neydyr drynke ne ete,
For alle tho that ther were,
But ſatte down all thys mayd,
Tyll the table was ylayd,
Sche and the dwerke yn fere.

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Kyng Artour yn that ſtounde
Hette of the table rounde
  Four the beſte knyghtes,
In armes hole and ſounde,
The beſte that myghte be founde,
  Arme Lybeaus anoon ryghtes.
And ſeyde, thorgh helpe of Cryſt,
That in the flome tok baptyſte,
  He ſchall holde all hys heghes,
And be good champyoun
To the lady of Synadoun,
  And holde up alle her ryghtes.

To army thir knyghtes wer fayn,
The ferſte was ſyr Gaweyn,
  That other ſyr Percevale,
The thyrthe ſyr Eweyn,
The ferthde was ſyr Agrafrayn;
  So ſeyth the Frenzſch tale.
They caſte on hym a ſcherte of ſelk,
A gypell as whyte as melk,
  In that ſemely ſale;
And ſyght an hawberk bryght,
That rychely was adyght,
  Wyth mayles thykke and ſmale.

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Gaweyn hys owene ſyre
Heng abowte hys ſwyre
A ſcheld with a gryffoun,
And Launcelet hym broght a ſper,
In werre with hym well to were,
And alſo a fell fachoun.
And ſyr Oweyn hym broght a ſtede,
That was good at everych nede,
And egre as lyoun,
And an helm of ryche atyre,
That was ſtele, and noon yre,
Percevale ſette on hys croun.

The knyght to hors gan ſpryng,
And rod to Artour the kyng,
And ſeyde, My lord hende,
Yef me thy bleſsynge,
Anoon wythoute dwellynge,
My wyll ys for to wende.
Artour hys hond up haf,
And hys bleſsynge he hym yaf,
As korteys kyng and hende;
And ſeyde, God grante the grace,
And of ſpede ſpace,
To brynge the lady out of bende.

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The mayde, ſtout and gay,
Lep on her palfray,
The dwerk rod hyr beſyde:
And tyll the thyrde day
Upon the knyght alwey
Ever ſche began chyde.
And ſeyde, Lorell and kaytyf,
They thou wher worth ſwyche ſyſe,
Ytynt now ys thy pryde;
Thys paſe before kepeth a knyght,
That wyth ech man wyll fyght,
Hys name ys ſpronge wyde.

Wylleam Celebronche,
Hys fyght may no man ſtaunch,
He ys werrour ſo wyth;
Thorugh herte, other thorugh honche,
Wyth hys ſper he wyll launche
All that ayens hym ryghtte.
Than ſeyd Lybeaus deſconus,
Is hys feghtynge ſwych vys?
Was he never yhytte?
Whatſoever me betyde,
To hym y wyll ryde,
And loke how he ſytte.

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Forth they ryden all thre,
Wyth merthe and greet ſolempnyte,
Be a caſtell aunterous,
And the knyght they gon yſe,
Iarmeth bryght of ble,
Up on the Vale perylous.
He bar a ſeheld of grene,
Wyth thre lyouns of gold ſchene,
Well prowde and precyous,
Of wych lengell and trappes
To dele ech man rappes
Ever he was fous.

And whan he hadde of hem ſyght
To hem he rod full ryght,
And ſeyde, Welcome, *beau frer*,
Ho that rydyght her day other nyght
Wyth me he mot take fyght,
Other leve hys armes here.
Well, ſeyde Lybeaus deſconus,
For love of ſwete Jheſus,
Now let us paſſe ſkere;
We haveth for to wende,
And beth fer from our frende,
I and thys meyde yn fere.

Wylleam anſwerede tho,
Thou myght not ſkapy ſo,
So god gef me good reſte,
We wylleth er thou go
Fyghte bothe two
A forlang her be-weſte.
Than ſeyde Lybeaus, Now y ſe
That hyt nell non other be,
In haſte tho dy beſte.
Thou take thy cours wyth ſchafte,
Yef thou art knyght of crafte,
For her es myn all preſte.

No lengere they nolde abyde,
Togedere they gonne ryde,
Wyth well greet randoun;
Lybeaus deſconus that tyde
Smot Wylleam yn the ſyde
Wyth a ſper feloun.
And Wylleam ſat ſo faſte
That hys ſtyropes to-braſte,
And hys hynder arſoun;
Wylleam gan to ſtoupe
Mydde hys horſes kroupe
That he fell adoun.

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Hys ſtede ran away,
Wylleam ne naght longe lay,
But ſtart up anoon ryght;
And ſeyde, Be my fay,
Before thys ylke day
Ne fond y non ſo wyght.
Now my ſted ys ago,
Fyghte we a fote alſo,
As thou art hendy knyght.
Tho ſeyde Lybeau deſconus,
Be the love of Jheſus,
Therto y am full lyght.

Togedere they gone ſpryng,
Fauchouns hy gonne out flyng,
And foghte fell and faſte;
So harde they gonne drynge
That feer, without leſynge,
Out of har helmes braſte.
But Wylleam Selebraunche
Lybeau deſconus gan lonche
Thorghout that ſcheld yn haſte,
A kantell fell to grounde,
Lybeau that ylke ſtounde
In hys herte hyt kaſte.

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Thanne Lybeaus wys and whyght
Before hym as a noble knyght,
  As werrour queynte and ſclegh,
Hawberk and kreſt yn fyght
He made fle doun ryght
  Of Wylleames helm an hegh.
And wyth the poynt of hys ſwerd
He ſchavede Wylleam ys berd,
  And com hy fleſſch ryght neygh;
Wylleam ſmot to hym tho,
That hys ſword braſt a-two,
  That many man hyt ſeygh.

Tho gan Wylleam to crye,
For love of ſeynt Marye,
  Alyve let me paſſe;
Hyt wer greet vylanye
To tho a knyght to deye
  Wepeneles yn place.
Than ſeyde Lybeaus deſconus,
For love of ſwete Jheſus,
  Of lyve haſt thou no grace,
But yef thou ſwere an oth,
Er than we two goth,
  Ryght her before my face.

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In haſte knele adoun,
And ſwer an my fachoun
  Thou ſchalt to Artour wende,
And ſey, Lord of renoun,
As overcome and pryſoun,
  A knyght me hyder gan ſende.
That ys yclepede yn us
Lybeaus deſconus,
  Unknowe of keth and kende.
Wylleam on knees doun ſat,
And ſwor as he hym hat,
  Her forward word and ende.

Thus departede they alle,
Wyllyam to Artours halle
  Tok the ryghte way;
As kas hyt began falle
Knyghtes proud yn palle
  He mette that ſelve day.
Hys ſusteres ſones thre
Wher the knyghtes fre,
  That weren ſo ſtout and gay,
Whann they ſawe Wyllyam blede,
As men that wold awyede,
  They made greet deray:

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And ſeyde, Eem Wylleam,
Ho hath doun the thys ſcham,
That thou bledeſt ſo yerne?
He ſeyde, Be ſeynt Jame,
On that naght to blame,
A knyght ſtout and ſterne.

A dwerk ryght her before,
Hys ſquyer as he wore,
And ek a well fayr wyght;
But othyng grevyth me ſore,
That he hath do me ſwore,
Upon hys fawchon bryght,
That y ne ſchall never more,
Tyll y come Artour before,
Sojourne day ne nyght,
For priſoner i mot me yeld,
As overcome yn feld,
Of hys owene knyght,
And never ayens hym bere
Nother ſcheld ne ſpere;
All this y have hym hyght.

Thanne ſeyde the knyghtes thre,
Thou ſchalt full well awreke be,

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For ſothe wythout fayle;
He alone ayens us thre
Nys naght worth a ſtre
For to holde batayle.
Wend forth, eem, and do thyn othe.
And the traytour, be the rothe,
We ſchull hym aſayle;
Right, be godes grace,
Ther he thys foreſt paſſe
Thaugh he be dykke of mayle.

Now lete we Wylyam be,
That wente yn hys jornè,
Toward Artour the kyng;
Of theſe knyghtes thre
Harkeneth, lordynges fre,
A ferly fayr fyghtynge.
They armede hem full well,
Yn yren and yn ſtel,
Wythout ony dwellyng,
And leptede on ſtedes ſterne,
And after gon yerne,
To ſle that knyght ſo yenge.

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Herof wyſte no wyght
Lybeaus the yonge knyght,
But rod forth pas be pas;
He and that mayde bryght
Togydere made all nyght
Game and greet ſolas.
Mercy hy gan hym crye
That hy ſpak vylanye,
He foryaf here that trespas.
De dwerke was her ſquyer,
And ſervede her ſer and ner,
Of all that nede was.

A morn, whan that hyt was day,
They wente yn har jornay
Toward Synadowne,
Thanne ſaw they knyghtes thre,
In armes bryght of ble,
Ryde out of Karlowne.
All yärmed yn to the teth,
Everych ſwor hys deth,
An ſtedes baye browne,
And cryde to hym full ryght,
Thef, turne agayn and fyght,
Wyth the we denketh roune.

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Lybeaus deſconus tho kryde,
I am redy to ryde
Ayens yow all yſame.
He prikede, as pryns yn pryde,
Hys ſtede yn bothe ſyde,
In erneſt and yn game.
The eldeſt brother gan bere
To ſyr Lybeaus a ſpere,
Syr Gower was hys name,
But Lybeaus hym ſo nygh,
That he brak hys thegh,
And ever efte he was lame.

The knyght gronede for payne,
Lybeaus wyth myght and mayne,
Felde hym flat adowyn;
The dwerk Teondeleyn
Tok the ſtede be the rayne,
And lep ynto the arſoun:
And rod hym alſo ſket
Ther that the mayde ſet,
That was fayr of faſoun,
Tho lough that mayde bryght,
And ſeyde Thys yonge knyght
Ys choſe for champyon.

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The myddell brother com yerne,
Upon a ſtede ſterne,
Egre as lyoun,
Hym thoghte hys body wold berne,
But he myght alſo yerne
Fell Lybeaus adoun.
As werrour out of wytte,
Lybeaus on helm he ſmyt,
With a fell fachoun,
Hys ſtrok ſo hard he ſet,
Thorgh helm and basnet,
That ſword tochede hys croun.

Tho was Lybeaus agreved,
Whan he feld on hedde
That ſword with egre mode,
Hys brond abowte he wevede,
All that he hyt he clevede,
As werrour wyld and wode.
Allas, he ſeyde tho,
Oon ayens two
To fyghte that ys good.
Wel faſte they ſmyte to hym,
And he wyth ſtrokes grym,
Well harde ayens hem ſtode.

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Tho ſawe theſe knyghtes,
They ne hadde no myghtes
To feghte ayens her ſo.
To ſyr Lybeaus they gon up-yelde
Bothe har ſperys and har ſchelde,
And mercy cryde hym tho.

Lybeaus anſwerede, Nay,
The ne aſkapeth ſo away,
Be god that ſchop mankende;
Thou and thy brederen tway
Schull plyght her your fay,
To kyng Artour to wende;
And ſey, Lord of renounes,
As overcome and pryſouns,
A knyght us hyder gan ſende,
To dwelle yn your bandown,
And yelde you tour and toun,
Ay wythouten ende.

And but ye wyllen tho ſo
Sertes y ſchall you ſlo,
Er than hyt be nyght;
The knyghtes ſweren tho
They wolde to Artour go,
And trewes ther they plyght.

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Thus departede day,
Lybeaus and that may,
As they hadden tyght;
Tyll the thyrde day
They ryde yn game and play,
He and that mayde bryght:

And ever they ryden weſt,
In that wylde foreſt,
Toward Synadowne;
They nyſte what ham was beſt
Taken they wolde reſte,
And myght not come to toun;
A logge they dyghte of leves,
In the grene greves,
With ſwordes bryght and broune;
Therinne they dwellede all nyght,
He and that mayde bryght,
That was ſo fayr of faſoun;

And the dwerk gan wake,
For noo thef ne ſchuld take
Har hors away with gyle;
For drede he gan to quake,
For gret fer he ſawe make
Thannes half a myle.

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Arys, he ſeyde, yong knyght,
To horſe that thou wer ydyght.
For dowte of peryle;
For i here greet boſt,
And fer ſmelle roſt,
Be god and ſeynt Gyle.

Lybeaus was ſtout and fer,
And lepte on hys destrer,
Hente ſchelde and ſpere;
And rod toward the fyer,
And whanne he nyghede ner,
Two geauntes he ſaw ther.
That on was red and lothlych,
And that other ſwart as pych,
Grysly bothe of chere;
That oon held yn hys barme
A mayde yclepte yn hys arme,
As bryght as bloſſe on brere.

The rede geaunt ſterne
A wylde boor gan terne
Abowte upon a ſpyte;
That fyer bryght gan berne,
The mayde cryde yerne
That ſom man ſchuld her therwete:

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And ſeyde, Wellaway!
That ever i bode thys day,
With two fendes to ſette!
Now help, Marie mylde,
For love of thy chylde,
That y be naght foryette!

Than ſeyde Lybeaus, Be ſeynt Jame,
To ſave thys mayde fro ſchame
Hyt wer a fayr apryſe;
To fyght with bothe yn ſame
Hyt wer no chyldes game,
That beth ſo grymme and gryſe.
He tok hys cours wyth ſchafte,
As knyght of kende crafte,
And rod be ryght aſyſe;
The blake geaunt he ſmot ſmert,
Thorgh the lyver, longe, and herte,
That never he myghte aryſe.

Tho flawe that mayde ſchene,
And thankede hevene quene,
That ſwych ſocour her ſente;
Tho com that mayde Elene,
Sche and her dwerk y mene,
And be the hond her hente;

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And ladde her ynto the greves,
Into that logge of leves,
  Wyth well good talent;
And prayde ſwete Jheſus,
Helpe Lybeaus deſconus,
  That he wer naght yſchent.

The rede geaunt thore
Smot to Lybeaus wyth the bore,
  As man that wold awede;
The ſtrokes he ſette ſo ſore.
That hys curſere therfore,
  Deed to grounde yede.
Lybeaus was redy boun,
And lepte out of the arſoun,
  As ſperk thogh out of glede;
And egre as a lyoun,
He faught wyth hys fachoun,
  To quite the geauntes mede.

The geaunt ever faught,
And at the ſeconde draught,
  Hys ſpyte brak a two;
A tre yn honde he kaught,
As a man that wer up-ſawght
  To fyghte ayens hys fo.

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And wyth the ende of the tre
He ſmot Lybeaus ſcheld a thre,
And tho was Lybeaus well wo;
And er he eſt the tre up haf,
A ſtrok Lybeaus hym yaf,
Hys ryght arm fell hym fro.

The geaunt fell to grounde
Lybeaus that ylke ſtounde
Smot of hys hedde ryght
Hym that he yaf er wounde
In that ylke ſtounde,
He ſervede ſo aplyght.
He tok the heddes two,
And yaf hem the mayden tho,
That he hadde fore that fyght;
The mayde was glad and blythe,
And thonkede god fele ſyde,
That ever was he made knyght.

Than ſeyde Lybeaus, Gentyl dame,
Tell me what ys thy name,
And wher thou wer ybore.
Sche ſeyde, Be ſeynt Jame,
My fader ys of ryche name,
Woneth her before:

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An erl, an hold hore knyght,
That hath be a man of myght,
Hys name ys ſyr Autore;
Men clepeth me Vyolette,
For me theſe geauntes beſette
Our castell full yore.

Yesterday yn the mornynge
Y wente on my playnge,
And noon evell ne thoughte,
The geauntes, wythout leſynge,
Out of a kave gonne ſprynge,
And to thys fyer me brought.
Of hem y hedde ben yſchent,
Ne god me ſocour hadde y-ſent,
That all thys world wrought;
He yeldede thys good dede
That for us gan blede,
And wyth hys blod us bought.

Without ony more talkynge
To horſe they gon ſprynge,
And ryde forth all yn ſame;
He tolde the erl tydynge
How he wan yn fyghtynge
Hys chyld fram wo and ſchame.

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The two heddes wer yſent
Artour the kyng to preſent,
With mochell gle and game;
Thanne ferſt yn court aros
Lybeaus deſconus los,
And hys gentyll fame.

The erl Autore alſo blyve
Profrede hys doftyr hym to wyve,
Vyolette that may;
And kasteles ten and fyve
And all after hys lyve
Hys lond to have for ay.
Than ſeyde Lybeaus deſconois,
Be the love of ſwete Jheſus,
Naught wyve yet y ne may;
I have for to wende
Wyth thys mayde ſo hende,
And therefore have good day.

The erl, for hys good dede,
Yaf hym ryche wede,
Scheld and armes bryght;
And alſo a noble ſtede,
That doughty was of dede,
In batayle and yn fyght.

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They ryde forth all thre
Toward the fayre cytè,
Kardevylé for ſoth hyt hyght;
Thanne ſawe they yn a park
A caſtell ſtout and ſtark,
That ryally was adyght.

Swych ſaw they never non,
Imade of lyme and ſton,
Ikarneled all abowte;
Oo, ſeyde Lybeaus, be ſeynt Jon,
Her wer a wordly won
For man that wer yn dowte.
Tho logh that mayde bryght,
And ſeyde hyt owyth a knyght
The beſte her abowte;
Ho that wyll wyth hym fyght,
Be hyt be day other nyght,
He doth hym lowe lowte.

For love of hys lemman,
That ys ſo fayr a woman,
He hath do crye and grede;
Ho that bryngeth a fayryr oon,
A jerfaukon whyt as ſwan
He ſchall have to mede.

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Yef ſche ys naght ſo bryght,
Wyth Gyfroun he mot fyght,
And ye may not ſpede;
Hys hed ſchall of be raſt,
And ſette upon a ſper ſchaft,
To ſe yn lengthe and brede.

And that thou mayſt ſe full well
Ther ſtant yn ech a karnell
An hed other two upryght;
Than ſeyde Lybeaus alſo ſnell,
Be god and ſeynt Mychell,
Wyth Gyffroun y ſchall fyght;
And chalaunge the jerſawncon,
And ſey that y have yn this toun,
A lemman to ſo bryght;
And yef he her wyll ſe,
I wyll hym ſchewy the,
Be day other be nyght.

The dwerk ſeyde, Be Jheſus,
Gentyll Lybeaus deſconus,
That wer a greet peryle,
Syr Gyffroun le flowdous
In fyghtyng he hath an us
Knyghtes to begyle.

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Lybeaus anſwerede thar
Therof have thou no kar;
Be god and be ſeynt Gyle,
I woll yſé hys face
Er y weſtward pace
From thys cyté a myle.

Wythoute a more reſoune
They tok har yn the toune,
And dwellede ſtylle yn peſe;
A morn Lybeaus was boun
For to wynne renoun,
And ros wythoute les:
And armede hym full ſure.
In that ſelve armure
That erl Autores was;
Hys ſtede he began ſtryde,
The dwerk rod hym beſyde,
Toward that prowde palys.

Syr Gyffroun le ſludous
Aros as was hys uus,
In the morn-tyde;
And whan he com out of hys hous,
He ſaw Lybeaus deſconus
Com prykyde as pryns yn pryde,

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Wythoute a more abood
And ayens hym he rod,
And thus to hym he cryde,
Wyth voys that was ſchrylle;
Comyſt thou for good, other for ylle?
Tell me, and naght ne hyde.

Than ſeyde Lybeaus al ſo tyte,
For y have greet delyte
Wyth the for to fyght;
For thou ſeyſt greet deſpyte
That woman half ſo whyt
As thy lemman be ne myght;
And y have on yn toune,
Fayryr of faſyoune,
In clothes whan ſche ys dyght;
Therfore thy gerfawcoun
To Artour the kyng wyth kroun
Bryng y ſchall wyth ryght.

Than ſeyde Gyfroun, Gentyll knyght,
How ſcholl we preve thys fyght,
Whych of hem fayrer be?
Lybeaus anſwerede aplyght,
In Cardevyle cyté ryght,
Ther ech man may hem ſe:

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And bothe they ſchull be ſette
A myddes the market,
To loke on bothe bond and fre;
Yf my lemman ys broun,
To wynne the gerfawcoun
Fyghte y wyll wyth the.

Than ſeyde Gyfroun, al ſo ſnell,
To all thys y graunte well,
Thys day at underne-tyde;
Be god and be ſeynt Mychell,
Out of thys caſtell
To Karlof i ſchall ryde.
Har gloves up they held,
In forward as y teld,
As princes prowde yn pryde;
Syr Lybeaus al ſo ſnell
Rod hom to hys caſtell,
No lenger he nolde abyde;

And commande mayde Elene,
As ſemelekeſt on to ſene,
Buſke her and make her boun:
" I ſay, be hevene quene,
Gyffrouns lemman ſchene
This day ſchall come to toun:

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And bothe men you ſchull yſè,
A mydward the cytè,
Both body and faſoun;
Yef thou be naght ſo bryght,
Wyth Gyffroun i mot fyght,
To wynne the gerfaucoun.

Mayde Elene al ſo tyte,
In a robe of ſamyte
Anoon ſche gan her tyre,
To tho Lybeaus profyte
In kevechers whyt,
Arayde wyth gold wyre.
A velvwet mantyll gay,
Pelvred wyth grys and gray,
Sche caſte abowte her ſwyre,
A fercle upon her molde,
Of ſtones and of golde,
The beſt yn that enpyre.

Upon a pomely palfray
Lybeaus ſette that may,
And ryden forth all thre;
Thanne ech man gan to ſay,
Her cometh a lady gay,
And ſemelych on to ſe.

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Into the market ſche rode,
And hovede and abodé,
A mydward the cytè;
Than ſygh they Gyffroun come ryde,
And two ſquyeres be hys ſyde,
Wythout a more maynè.

He bar the ſcheld of goules,
Of ſylver thre whyte oules,
Of gold was the bordure,
Of the ſelve colours,
And of non other flowres,
Was lyngell and trappure.
Hys ſquyer gan lede
Before hym upon a ſtede
Thre ſchaftes good and ſure;
That other bar redy boun
The whyte gerfawcoun,
That leyd was to wajour.

After hym com ryde
A lady proud yn pryde,
Was clodeth yn purpel palle;
That folk com fer and wyde
To ſe her bak and ſyde,
How gentyll ſche was and ſmall.

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Her mantyll was roſyne,
Pelvred wyth ermyne,
  Well ryche and reall;
A ſercle upon her molde,
Of ſtones and of golde,
  Wyth many a juall.

As the roſe her rode was red,
The her ſchon on hyr heed,
  As gold wyre ſchyneth bryght;
Ayder browe as ſelken threde,
Abowte yn lengthe and yn brede,
  Hyr noſe was ſtrath and ryght.
Her eyen gray as glas,
Melk-whyt was her face,
  So ſeyde that her ſygh wyth ſyght;
Her ſwere long and ſmall,
Her beawte telle all
  No man wyth mouth ne myght.

Togedere men gon hem bryng
A mydward the chepyng,
  Har beawte to dyſcryve;
They ſeyde, olde and yenge,
For ſoth wythoute leſyng,
  Betwene hem was partye.

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Gyffrouns lemman ys clere
As ys the roſe yn erbere,
For ſoth and naght to lye;
And Elene, the meſſengere,
Semeth but a lavendere
Of her norſerye.

Than ſeyde Gyffroun le fludous,
Syr Lybeaus deſconus,
Thys hauk thou haſt forlore;
Than ſeyde Lybeaus deſconus,
Nay ſwhych nas never myn uus,
Juſty y well therfore.
And yef thou bereſt me doun,
Tak my heed the ſawkoun,
As forward was before;
And yf y bere doun the,
The hauk ſchall wende wyth me,
Maugre thyn heed hore;

What help mo tales telld?
They ryden yn to the feld,
And wyth ham greet partye;
Wyth coronals ſtef and ſtelde,
Eyther ſmyt other in the ſcheld,
Wyth greet envye.

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Har ſaftes breke aſonder,
Har dentes ferthe as thonder,
That cometh out of the ſkye;
Taborus and trompours,
Herawdes goode deſcoverours,
Har ſtrokes gon deſcrye.

Syr Gyffroun gan to ſpeke,
Breng a ſchaft that nell naght breke,
A ſchaft wyth a cornall;
Thys yonge ferly frek
Ys yn hys ſadell ſteke,
As ſtone yn castell wall.
Thaugh he wer whyght werrour,
As Alyſander, other Artour,
Launcelot, other Percevale,
I wyll do hym ſtoupe
Over hys horſes croupe,
And yeve hym evele fall.

The knyghtes bothe two
Togydere they ryden tho,
With well greet raundoun;
Lybeaus ſmot Gyffroun ſo,
That hys ſcheld fell hym fro,
In that feld adoun.

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Tho lough all that ther wes,
And ſeyde wythoute les,
  Duke, erl, and baroun,
That yet never they ne ſeygh
Man that myghte dreygh
  To juſty wyth Gyffroun.

Gyffroun hys hors outryt,
And was wode out of wyt,
  For he myghte naght ſpede;
He rod agayn as tyd,
And Lybeaus ſo he ſmyt,
  As man that wold a wede.
But Lybeaus ſat ſo faſte,
That Gyffroun doun he caſte,
  Bothe hym and hys ſtede;
Gyffrounys legge to-brak,
That men herde the krak,
  Aboute yn lengthe and brede.

Tho ſeyde all tho that ther wore,
That Gyffroun hadde forlore,
  The whyte gerfawkoun;
To Lybeaus thay hym bore,
And wente, laſſe and more,
  Wyth hym ynto the toune.

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Syr Gyffroun, upon hys ſcheld,
Was ybore hom fram the feld,
Wyth care and rufull roun;
The gerfawkoun yſent was,
Be a knyght that hyght Gludas,
To Artour kyng wyth kroun.

And wryten all the dede
Wyth hym he gan lede,
The hauk how that he wan;
Tho Artour herde hyt rede,
To hys knyghtes he ſeyde,
Lybeaus well werry kan.
He hath me ſent the valour
Of noble dedes four
Sethe he ferſt began;
Now wyll y ſende hym treſour,
To ſpendy wyth honour,
As falleth for ſwych a man.

And hundred pound honeſt
Of floryns wyth the beſt
He ſente to Cardelof than;
Tho Lybeaus held hys feſte,
That fourty dayes leſte,

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Of lordes of renoun.
Than Lybeaus and that may
Token hyr ryghte way
Toward Synadowne.
And fayre her leve token thay,
To wende ynto another contray,
Of duk, erl and baroun;
As they ryden an a lowe,
Hornes herde they blowe,
Ther unther the doune;

And houndes ronne greet and fmale,
Hontes grette yn the vale
The dwerke feyde that drowe
For to telle foth my tale,
Fele yeres ferly fale
That horn well y thede knowe.
Hym blowyth fyr Otes de Lyle,
That fervede my lady fom whyle,
In her femyly fale,
Whanne he was take wyth gyle
He flawe for greet peryle
Weft ynto Wyrhale.

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As they ryde talkynge
A rach ther com flyngynge
Overtwert the way,
Thanne ſeyde old and yynge,
From her ferſt gynnynge,
They ne ſawe hond never ſo gay.
He was of all colours
That man may ſe of flours,
Betwene Mydſomer and May;
That mayde ſayde al ſo ſnell,
Ne ſaw y never no juell
So lykynge to my pay:

God wold that y hym aughte!
Lybeaus anoon hym kaghte,
And yaf hym to mayde Elene;
They ryden forth all yn ſaght,
And tolde how knyghtes ſaght,
For ladyes bryght and ſchene.
Ne hadde they ryde but a whyle,
The mountance of a myle,
In that foreſt grene,
They ſawe an hynde com ſtyke,
And two grehoundes ylyke,
Be that rech that y er of mene.

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They hovede unther a lynde,
To ſe the cours of the hynde,
Lybeaus and hys fere;
Thanne ſeygh they come byhynde
A knyght iclodeth yn Ynde,
Upon a bay destrere.
Hys bugle he gan to-blowe,
For hys folk hyt ſchuld knowe
In what ſtede he wer;
He ſeyde to hem that throwe,
Syr, that rach was myn owe,
Ygon for ſevene yere:

Frendes, leteth hym go.
Lybeauus anſwerede tho,
That ſchall never betyde,
For wyth myn handes two
I hym yaf that mayde me fro
That hoveth me beſyde.
Tho ſeyde ſer Otes de Lyle,
Than artow yn peryle,
Byker yef thou abyde.
Tho ſeyde Lybeauus, Be ſeynt Gyle,
I ne yeve naght of thy gyle,
Cherll, though thou chyde.

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Than ſeyde ſyr Otes de Lyle,
Syr, thyn wordes beth fyle,
  Cherll was never my name;
My fader an erll was whyle,
The counteſſe of Karlyle
  Certes was my dame.
Wer ych yärmed now,
Redy as art thou,
  We wolde feyghte yn ſame;
But thou the rach me leve,
Thou pleyyſt, er hyt be eve,
  A wonder wylde game.

Tho ſeyde Lybeauus alſo preſt,
Therof tho thy beſt,
  Thys rach ſchall wyth me wende.
They tok har way ryght weſt,
In that wylde foreſt,
  Ryght as the dwerk hem kende.
The lord wyth greet errour
Rod hom to hys tour,
  And after hys frendes ſende,
And tolde hem anon ryghtes
That on of Artourys knyghtes
  Schamelych gan hym ſchende;

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And hadde hys rach ynome.
Thanne ſeyde alle and ſome,
The traytour ſchall be take,
And never ayen hom come,
Thaugh he wer thoghtyer gome,
Than Launcelet dû Lake.
Tho dyghte they hem all to armes,
Wyth ſwerdes and wyth gyſarmes,
As werre ſchold awake;
Knytes and ſquyeres,
Lepte on her destrerys,
For har lordes ſake.

Upon an hell well hyghe
Lybeauus ther they ſyghe,
He rod pas be pas;
To hym they gon crye,
Traytour, thou ſchalt dye,
For thy wykkede trespas.
Syr Lybeauus ayen beheld
How fulfelde was the feld,
So greet peple ther was;
He ſayde, Mayde Elene,
For our rach, y wene,
Us cometh a karfull cas.

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I rede that ye drawe
Into the wode ſchawe,
  Your heddes for to hyde;
For y am ſwyde ſawe,
Thaugh ych ſchulde be ſlawe,
  Bykere of hem y woll abyde.
Into the wode they rode,
And Lybeauus theroute abothe,
  As aunterous knyght yn pryde;
Wyth bowe, and wyth arblaſte,
To hym they ſchote faſte,
  And made hym woundes wyde.

Lybeauus ſtede ran,
And bar doun hors and man,
  For nothyng nolde he ſpare;
That peple ſeyde than,
Thys ys fend Satan,
  That mankende wyll forfare.
For wham Lybeauus arafte
After hys ferſte drawghte
  He ſlep for evermare:
But ſone he was beſette
As theer ys yn a nette
  Wyth grymly wondes ſare.

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Twelf knyghtes all preſt
He ſaw come yn the foreſt,
In armes cler and bryght;
Al day they hadde yreſt,
And thought yn that foreſt,
To ſle Lybeauus the knyght.
Of ſute were all twelfe,
That on was the lord hymſelf,
In ryme to rede aryght;
They ſmyte to hym all at ones,
And thoghte to breke hys bones,
And felle hym doun yn fyght.

Tho myghte men her dynge,
And ſwordes lowde rynge,
Among hem all yn fere;
So harde they gonne thrynge,
The ſparkes gonne out ſprynge,
Fram ſcheld and helmes clere.
Lybeauus ſlough of hem thre,
And the four gonne to ſle,
And thorſt naght nyghhe hym nere,
The lord dwellede yn that ſchour,
And hys ſones four,
To ſelle har lyves there.

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Ther roune tho rappes ryve,
He ayens hem fyve,
  Faught as he were wod;
Neygh doun they gonne hym dryve,
As water doth of clyve,
  Of hym ran the blode.
As he was neygh yſpylt,
Hys ſwerd braſt yn the hylt,
  Tho was he mad of mode;
The lord a ſtrok hym ſette,
Through helm and basnet,
  That yn the ſcheld hyt ſtode.

Aſwogh he fell adoun,
An hys hynder arſoun,
  As man that was mate;
Hys fomen were well boun,
To perce hys acketoun,
  Gypell, mayl, and plate.
As he gan ſore ſmerte,
Up he pullede hys herte,
  And keverede of hys ſtate;
An ex he hente all boun,
At hys hynder arſoun,
  Allmeſt hym thoughte to late.

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Than beſterede he hym as a knyght,
Thre ſtedes heoddes doun ryght,
He ſmot at ſtrokes thre;
The lord ſaw that ſyght,
And on hys courſer lyght,
Awey he gan to fle,
Lybeauus no lenger abode,
But aftyr hym he rode,
And unther a cheſteyn tre,
Ther he hadde hym quelthe,
But the lord hym yeld
At hys wylle to be.

And be ſertayne extente
Treſour, lond, and rente,
Castell, halle, and bour,
Lybeauus therto conſente
In forward that he wente
To the kyng Artour,
And ſeye, Lord of renoun,
As overcome and pryſoun
Ỳ am to thyne honour.
The lord grauntede to hys wylle
Bothe lowthe and ſtylle,
And ledde hym to hys bour.

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Anoon that mayde Elene,
Wyth gentyll men fyftene
  Was fet to that castell
Sche and the dwerke bydene
Tolde dedes kene
  Of Lybeauus how hyt fell.
Swyche preſentes four
He hadde yſent kyng Artour,
  That he wan fayr and well;
The lord was glad and blythe,
And thonketh fele ſyde
  God and ſeynt Mychell.

Now reſte we her awhyle
Of ſyr Otes de Lyle,
  And telle we other tales.
Lybeauus rod many a myle,
Among aventurus fyle,
  In Yrland and yn Wales.
Hyt befell yn the month of June,
Whan the fenell hangeth yn toun,
  Grene yn ſemely ſales,
Thys ſomerys day ys long,
Mery ys the fowles ſong,
  As notes of the nyghtyngales.

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That tyme Lybeauus com ryde,
Be a ryver ſyde,
And ſaw a greet cytè,
Wyth palys prowd yn pryde,
And caſtelles heygh and wyde,
Wyth gates greet plentè.
He axede what hyt hyght.
The mayde ſeyde anon ryght,
Syr, y telle hyt the,
Men clepeth hyt Yledor,
Her hath be fyghtynge mor
Thanne owher yn any countrè.

For a lady of prys,
Wyth rode rede as roſe on ryſe,
Thys countre ys yn dowte;
A geaunt hatte Mauugys,
Nowher hys per ther nys,
Her hathe be leyde abowte.
He ys blak as ony pych,
Nower ther ys non ſwych,
Of dede ſterne and ſtoute;
Ho that paſseth the bregge
Hys armes he mot legge,
And to the geaunt alowte.

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Tho ſeyde Lybeauus, Mayde hende,
Schold y wonde to wende,
For hys dentys ylle;
Yf god me grace ſende,
Er thys day come to ende,
Wyth fyght y ſchall hym ſpylle.
I have yſeyn grete okes
Falle for wyndes ſtrokes,
The ſmale han ſtonde ſtylle;
They y be yyng and lyte,
To hym yyt wyll y ſmyte
Do god all hys wylle.

They ryden forth all thre
Toward that fayre cytè,
Me clepeth hyt Ylledore;
Mauugeys they gonne yſè
Upon the bregge of tre,
Bold as wylde bore.
Hys ſcheld as blakke as pych,
Lyngell armes trappur was ſwych,
Thre mammettes therynne wore,
Of gold gaylyth ygeld,
A ſchafte an honde he held,
And oo ſcheld hym before.

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He cryde to hym yn deſpyte,
Say, thou felaw yn whyt,
  Tell me what art thou,
Torne hom agayn all ſo tyt,
For thy owene profyt,
  Yef thou lovede thy prow.
Lybeauus ſeyde anoon ryght,
Artour made me knyght,
  To hym i made a vow,
That y ne ſchulde never turne bak,
Therfore, thou devell yn blak,
  Make the redy now.

Syr Lybeaus and Maugys,
On ſtedes prowde of prys,
  Togedere ryde full ryght;
Bothe lardes and ladyes
Leyn out yn pomet touris
  To ſe that ſely fyght;
And prayde wyth good wyll,
Bothe lode and ſtyll,
  Helpe Lybeauus the knyght;
And that fyle geaunt,
That levede yn Termagaunt,
  That day to deye yn fyght.

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Har ſcheldes brooke aſonder,
Har dentes ferd as donder,
The peces gonne out ſprynge;
Ech man hadde wonder
That Lybeauus ne hadde ybe unther,
At the ferſt gynnyng.
Thanne drough dey ſwordes bothe,
As men that weren wrothe,
And gonne togedere dynge;
Lybeauus ſmot Mauugys ſo,
That hys ſcheld fell hym fro,
And yn to the feld gan flynge.

Maugys was queynte and quede,
And ſmot of the ſtedes heed,
That all fell out the brayne;
The ſtede fell doune deed,
Lybeauus nothyng ne ſede,
Bot ſtart hym up agayn.
An ax he hente boun,
That heng at hys arſoun,
And ſmot a ſtrok of mayn;
Thorugh Maugys ſtedes ſwyre,
And forkarf bon and lyre,
That heed fell yn the playn.

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Afote they gonne to fyghte,
As men that wer of myghte,
The ſtrokes betwene hem two
Deſcryve no man ne myghte,
For they wer unſyght,
And eyder othres ſo.
Fram the our of pryme
Tyll hyt was eveſong tyme
To fyghte they wer well thro;
Syr Lybeauus durſtede ſore,
And ſeyde Maugys thyn ore,
To drynke lette me go:

And y ſchall graunte the
What bone thou byddeſt me,
Swych cas yef that be tyt;
Greet ſchame hyt wold be
For durſte a knyght to ſle,
And no mare profyt.
Maugys grauntede hys wyll,
To drynke all hys fyll,
Wythout any deſpyte;
As Lybeauus ley on the bank,
And thorugh hes helm he drank,
Maugys a ſtrok hym ſmyt.

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That yn the ryver he fell,
Hys armes echadell,
  Was weet and evell adyght;
But up he ſtart ſnell,
And ſeyde, Be ſeynt Mychell,
  Now am y two ſo lyght.
What wendeſt thou, ſendes fere?
Uncryſtenede that were
  Tyll y ſaw the wyth ſyght;
I ſchall for thys baptyſe
Ryght well quyte thy ſervyſe,
  Thorugh grace of god almyght.

Thanne newe fyght they began,
Eyther tyll other ran,
  And delede dentes ſtrong;
Many a gentylman,
And ladyes whyt as ſwan,
  For Lybeaus handes wrong.
For Maugys yn the feld
Forkarf Lybeauus ſcheld,
  Wyth dente of armes long;
Thanne Lybeauus ran away,
Ther that Maugys ſcheld lay,
  And up he gan hyt fonge.

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And ran agayn to hym
Wyth ſtrokes ſtout and grym,
Togydere they gonne aſayle,
Beſyde that ryver brym
Tyll hyt derkede dym
Betwene hem was batayle.
Lybeauus was werrour wyght,
And ſmot a ſtrok of myght,
Thorugh gypell, plate, and mayll;
Forthwyth the ſcholder bon
Maugys arm fyll of anoon,
Into the feld ſaunz fayle.

The geaunt thys gan ſe
Iſlawe that he ſchulde be,
And ſlaugh wyth myght and mayn.
Lybeauus after gan ſle,
Wyth ſterne ſtrokes thre,
And ſmot hys bak atweyn.
The geaunt ther beleveth
Lybeauus ſmot of hys heved,
And of the batayle was fayn.
He wente ynto the toun
Wyth fayr procesſioun,
That folk com hym agayn.

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A lady, whyt as flowr,
That hyghte *la dame d'amore*,
A feng hym fayr and well;
And thankede hys honour,
That he was her ſocour,
Ayens the geaunt ſo fell.
To chambre ſche gan hym lede,
And dede of all hys wede,
And clodede hym yn pell;
And proferede hym wyth word
For to be her lord,
In cyté and caſtell.

Lybeauus grauntede yn haſte,
And love to her he caſte,
For ſche was bryght and ſchene;
Alas he ne hadde ybe chaſt!
For aftyrward at laſt,
Sche dede hym greet tene.
For twelf monthe and more
Lybeauus dwellede thore,
And mayde Elene;
That never he myghte out-breke,
For to help a wreke
Of Synadowne the quene.

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For thys fayr lady
Kowthe moch of forcery,
More then other wycches fyfe;
Sche made hym melodye,
Of all manere menſtracy,
That man myghte deſcryve.
Whan he ſeygh her face,
Hym thought he was
In Paradys alyve;
Wyth fantaſme, and fayrye,
Thus ſche blerede hys yye,
That evell mot ſche thryve.

Tyll hyt fell on a day,
He mette Elene that may,
Wythinne the caſtell tour;
To hym ſche gan to ſay,
Syr knyght, thou art fals of fay,
Ayens the kyng Artour.
For love of a woman,
That of ſorcery kan,
Thou dooſt greet dyshonour;
The lady of Synadowne
Longe lyght yn priſoun,
And that ys greet dolour.

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Lybeauus herd her ſo ſpeke,
Hym thought hys hert wold breke,
For ſorow and for ſchame;
And at a poſterne unſteke
Lybeauus gan out-breke
Fram that gentyll dame;
And tok wyth hym hys ſtede,
Hys ſcheld, and hys ryche wede,
And ryde forth all yſame;
Her ſtyward ſtout and ſterne,
He made hys ſquyere,
Gyfflet was hys name:

And ryde, as faſt as they may,
Forth yn her jornay,
On ſtedes bay and browne;
Upon the thyrdde thay
They ſaw a cyté gay,
Me clepeth hyt Synadowne.
Wyth caſtell heygh and wyde,
And palys prowd yn pryde,
Werk of fayr faſſoune;
But Lybeauus deſconus
He hadde wonder of an uus
That he ſaw do yn toune.

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For gore, and fen, and full waſt,
That was out ykaſt,
Togydere they gaderede y wys;
Lybeauus axede yn haſt,
Tell me, mayde chaſt,
What amounteth thys.
They taketh all that hore,
That er was out ybore,
Me thyngeth they don a mys.
Thanne ſeyde mayde Elene,
Syr, wythouten wene,
I ſchalle the telle how yt ys.

No knyght for neſſche ne hard,
They he ſchold be forfard,
Ne geteth her non oftell,
For love of a ſtyward,
Men clepeth hym ſyr Lambard,
Conſtable of thys castell.
Ryde to that eſt gate,
And axede thyn in therate,
Bothe fayre and well;
And er he bete thy nede,
Juſtes he wyll the bede,
By god and ſeynt Mychell.

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And yf he beryth the doun,
Hys trompys ſchull be boun,
  Har bemes for to blowe;
And thorughout Synadowne,
Bothe maydenes, and garsſoun,
  Fowyll ſen ſchull on the throwe:
And thanne to thy lyves ende,
In whett ſtede that thow wende,
  For coward werſt thou knowe,
And thus may kyng Artour
Leſe hys honour,
  Thorugh thy dede ſlowe.

Than ſeyde Lybeauus al ſo tyt,
That wer a greet dyſpyt,
  For any man alyve;
To tho Artour profyt,
And make the lady quyt,
  To hym y wyll dryve.
Syr Gyfflette, make the yare!—
Thyder we wyllyth fare,
  Haſtely and blyve.
They ryde the ryght gate,
Even to the castell-yate,
  Wyth fayre ſchaftes fyfe.

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And at the fayr castell
They axede her ostell,
For aunterous knyghtes;
The porter, fayre and well,
Lette ham yn al so snell,
And axede anon ryghtes:
Ho ys yowre governowre?
They seyde, Kyng Artour,
That ys man most of myghtes;
And welle of curtesye,
And flowr of chyvalrye,
To selle hys son yn syghtes.

The porter profytable,
To hys lord the constable
Thus hys tale tolde,
And wythoute sable,
Syr, of the rownde table
Beth come knyghtes bolde;
That beth armed sure
In rose-reed armure,
Wyth thre lyouns of gold;
Lambard therof was sayn,
And swore oth sertayn,
Wyth hem juste he wolde.

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And bad hem make yare,
Into the feld to fare,
  Wythoute the castell gate;
The porter nold naght ſpare,
As grehound doth the hare,
  To ham he ran full wate.
And ſeyde anon ryghtes,
Ye aunterous knyghtes,
  For nothyng ye ne late;
Loketh your ſcheldes be ſtrong,
Your ſchaftes good and long,
  Your ſaket and ſaunplate.

And rydeth ynto the feld,
My lord, wyth ſper and ſcheld,
  Cometh wyth yow to play.
Lybeauus ſpak wordes bold,
That ys a tale ytold,
  Well lykynge unto my pay.
Into the felde they ryde,
And hovede and abyde,
  As beſt broght to bay;
The lord of ſente hys ſteds,
Hys ſcheld, hys ryche wede,
  Hys atyre was ſtout and gay.

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Hys ſcheld was of gold fyn,
The bores heddes therinne,
As blak as brond ybrent;
The bordur of ermyne,
Nas non ſo queynte of gyn,
From Karlell ynto Kent.
And of the ſame paynture
Was lyngell and trappure
Iwroght well fayre and gent;
Hys ſchaft was ſtrong wythall,
Theron a ſtef coronall,
To dely doghty dent.

And whane that ſtout ſtyward,
That hyghte ſyr Lambard,
Was armede at all ryghtes,
He rood to the feld ward,
Lyght as a lybard,
Ther hym abyde the knyghtes.
He ſmote his ſchaft yn grate,
Almoſt hym thought to late,
Whanne he ſeygh hem wyth ſyghte;
Lybeauus rood to hym thare,
Wyth a ſchaft all ſquare,
As man moſt of myghte.

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Eyther ſmot other yn the ſcheld,
The peces fell ynto the feld,
Of her ſchaftes ſchene;
All tho that hyt beheld,
Ech man to other teld,
The yonge knyghte ys kene.
Lambard was aſchamed ſore,
So nas he never yn feld before,
To wyte and naght to wene;
He cryde, Do come a ſtranger ſchaft,
Yyf Artours knyght kan craft,
Now hyt ſchall be ſene.

Tho he tok a ſchaft rounde,
Wyth cornall ſcharp ygrounde,
And ryde be ryght reſoun;
Ayder provede yn that ſtounde
To yeve other dedys wounde,
Wyth fell herte as lyoun.
Lambard ſmot Lybeauus ſo
That hys ſcheld fell hym fro,
Into the feld adoun;
So harde he hym hytte,
Unnethe that he myghte ſytte
Upryght yn hys arſoun.

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Hys ſchaft brak wyth gret power,
Lybeauus hytte Lambard yn the launcer
Of hys helm ſo bryght;
That pyſane, aventayle, and gorgere,
Fell ynto the felld fer,
And ſyr Lambard upryght
Sat, and rokkede yn hys ſadell,
As chyld doth yn a kradell,
Wythoute mannys myght;
Ech man tok other be the hod,
And gonne for to herye good
Borgays, baroun, and knyght.

Ayen to ryde Lambard thought,
Another helm hym was brought,
And a ſchaft unmete;
Whan they togydere mette,
Ayder yn other ſcheld hytte,
Strokes grymly greete.
Syr Lambardys ſchaft to-braſt,
And ſyr Lybeauus ſat ſo faſte
In ſadelys as they ſetten,
That the ſtyward, ſyr Lambard,
Fell of hys ſtede bakward,
So harde they two metten.

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Syr Lambard was aſchamed ſore,
Than ſeyde Lybeauus, Wyltow more?
And he anſwerede, Nay;
Never ſethe y was ybore,
Ne ſygh ycome her before
So redy a knyght to my pay.
A thoghth y have myn herte wythinne,
That thou art com of Gawenys kynne,
That ys ſo ſtout and gay;
Yef thou ſchalt for my lady ſyght,
Well come to me, ſyr, thou knyght,
In love and ſykyr fay.

Lybeauus anſwerede ſykyrly,
Feyghte y ſchall for a lady,
Be heſte of kyng Artour;
But y not wherfore ne why,
Ne who her doth ſwych vylany,
Ne what ys her dolour.
A mayde, that ys her meſſengere,
And a dwerke me brought her,
Her to do ſocour;
The conſtable ſeyde, Well founde,
Noble knyght of the table rounde,
Ibleſſed be ſeynt Savour.

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Anon that mayde Elene
Was fette wyth knyghtes ten,
  Before fyr Lambard;
Sche and the dwerk y mene
Tolde feven dedes kene,
  That he dede dydyrward;
And how that fyr Lybeauus
Faught wyth fele fchrewys,
  And for no deth ne fpared;
Lambard was glad and blythe,
And thonkede fele fyde,
  God and feynt Edward.

Anon, wyth mylde chere,
They fete to the fopere,
  Wyth moch gle and game;
Lambard and Lybeauus, yn fere,
Of aventurs that ther wer
  Talkede bothe yn fame.
Than feyde Lybeauus, Syr Conftable,
Tell me wythout fable,
  What ys the knyghtes name,
That halt fo yn prifoune
The lady of Synadowne,
  That ys fo gentyll a dame.

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" Nay, ſyr, knyght ys he non,
Be god and be ſeynt Jon,
That dorſt away her lede;
Two clerkes beth her ſon,
Well fals of fleſſch and bon,
That haveth ydo thys dede.
Hyt beth men of maystrye,
Clerkes of nygremanſye,
Hare artes for to rede;
Syr Maboun hatte that other,
And ſyr Irayn hys brother,
For wham we beth yn drede.

Thys Yrayn and Maboun
Have imade of our toun
A palys queynte of gynne;
Ther nys knyght ne baroun,
Wyth herte harde as lyoun,
That thorſte come therinne.
Thys ys be nygremauncye,
Ymaketh of fayrye,
No man may hyt wynne;
Therinne ys yn pryſoun,
The lady of Synadowne,
Ys come of knyghtes kynne.

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Ofte we hereth her crye,
But her to ſe wyth eye
Therto have we no myghte;
They doth her turmentrye,
And all vylanye,
Be dayes and be nyght.
Thys Maboun and Irayn
Haveth ſwor deth certayn,
To dethe they wyll her dyghte;
But ſche graunte hem tylle
To do Mabounnys wylle,
And yeve hem all her ryght.

Of alle thys dukdom ſeyr
That ylke lady ys eyr;
And come of knyghtes kenne;
Sche ys meke and boneyre,
Therfore we beth in deſpeyre,
That ſche be dyght to ſynne.
Than ſeyde Lybeauüs deſconus,
Be the grace of Jheſus,
That lady y ſchall wynne
Of Maboun and Yrayn;
Schame i ſchall, certayne,
Hem bothe wythout and wythinne.

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Tho toke they har reſte,
In lykynge as hem leſte,
  In the caſtell that nyght;
A morow Lybeaus hym preſt
In armes that wer beſt,
  And freſſch he was to fyght.
Lambard ladde hym forth well whate,
And broghte hym at the caſtell gate,
  And fond hyt open ryght,
No ferther ne dorſte hym brynge,
For ſoth wythout leſynge,
  Erll, baroun, ne knyght.

But turnede hom agayn,
Save ſyr Gylet hys ſwayn
  Wolde wyth hym ryde;
He ſwor his oth ferteyn,
He wold ſe hare brayn,
  Yf they hym wold abyde.
To the caſtell he rod,
And hovede and abod,
  To Jheſu bad and tolde,
To ſende hym tydynge glad.
Of nam that longe had
  That lady yn pryſoun holde.

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Syr Lybeauus knyght certeys
Rod ynto the palys,
And at the halle alyghte;
Trompes, ſchalmuſes,
He ſeygh be for the hyegh deys
Stonde yn hys ſyghte.
Amydde the halle flore
A fere ſtark and ſtore
Was lyght and brende bryght,
Nere the dore he yede,
And ladde yn hys ſtede,
That wont was helpe hym yn fyght.

Lybeauus inner gan pace,
To ſe ech a place,
The hales yn the halle,
Of mayne mor ne laſſe
Ne ſawe he body ne face
But menſtrales yclodeth yn palle.
Wyth harp, fydele, and rote,
Orgenes, and mery note,
Well mery they maden alle;
Wyth fytole, and ſawtrye,
So moche melodye
Was never wythinne walle.

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Before ech menſtrale ſtod
A torche fayre and good,
  Brennynge fayre and bryght;
Inner more he yode,
To wyte wyth egre mode
  Ho ſcholde wyth hym fyghte.
He yede ynto the corneres,
And lokede on the pylers,
  That ſelcouth wer of fyghte,
Of jaſper, and of fyn crystall,
Swych was pylers and wall,
  No rychere be ne myghte.

The thores wer of bras,
The wyndowes wer of glas,
  Floryſseth wyth imagerye,
The halle ypaynted was,
No rychere never ther nas,
  That he hadde ſeye wyth eye.
He ſette hym an that deys,
The menſtrales wer yn pes,
  That were go good and trye,
The torches that brende bryght
Quenchede anon ryght,
  The menſtrales wer awcye.

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Dores and wyndowes alle
Beten yn the halle,
As hyt wer voys of thunder;
The ſtones of the walle
Over hym gon falle,
That thought hym mych wonther.
That deys began to ſchake,
The erthe began to quake,
As he ſatte hym under;
The roof abone unlek,
And the ſaunſere ek,
As hyt wolde aſonder.

As he ſat thus dysmayde,
And held hymſelf betrayde,
Stedes herde he naye.
Thanne was he bette ypayd,
And to hymſelf he ſayd,
Yet y hope to playe.
He lokede ynto a feld,
Ther he ſawe, wyth ſper and ſcheld,
Come ryde knytes tweye;
Of purpur Inde armure
Was lyngell and trappure,
Wyth gold garlandys gay.

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That on rod ynto the halle,
And ther he gan to kalle,
  Syr knyght aunterous,
Swych cas ther ys befalle,
Thaugh thou be proud yn palle,
  Fyghte thou moſt wyth us.
Queynte thou art of gynne,
Yf thou that lady wynne,
  That ys ſo precyous.
Tho ſeyd Lybeauus, anon ryght,
All freſſch i am to fyght,
  Thorugh help of ſwete Jheſus,

Lybeauus wyth goodwyll
Into hys ſadell gan ſkyll,
  And a launce yn hond he hent;
Quyk he rod hem tyll,
In feld hys ſon to fell,
  Therto was hys talent.
Togedere whan they mette
Upon har ſcheldes they ſette
  Strokes of thoughty dent:
Mabounys ſchaft to-braſt,
Tho was he ſore agaſt,
  And held hymſelf yſchent

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And wyth that ſtrok feloun.
Lybeauus bar hym adoun
  Over hys horſes tayle,
For hys hynder arſoun
To-brak and fyll adoun
  In that feld ſaunz fayle.
And neygh he hadde hym ſclayn,
Wyth that come ryde Yrayn
  Wyth helm, hauberke and mayle,
All freſſch he was to fyght,
He thought wyth mayn and myght
  Syr Lybeauus for to afayle.

Lybeauus of hym was war,
And ſper to hym he bar,
  And lette hys brother ſtylle;
Swych dent he ſmot dar
That hys hauberke to-tar,
  And that lykede Yrayn ylle.
Har launces they brak atwo,
Swerdes they through out tho,
  Wyth herte grym and grylle,
And gonne for to fyghte,
Eyder prevede hys myght
  Other for to ſpylle.

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As they togedere hewe
Maboun the mare ſchrewe
In feld up aros;
He ſawe and well knew
That Yrayn ſmot dentys fewe,
Therfore hym grym agros.
To Yrayn he ran ryght,
To helpe ſle yn fyght
Lybeauus that was of noble los;
But Lybeauus faught wyth hem bothe,
Thaugh they wer never ſo wrothe,
And kepte hymſelf yn clos.

Whan Yrayn ſaw Maboun,
He ſmot a ſtrok feloun
To ſyr Lybeauus wyth yre,
Before forther arſoun
Als ſket he karf adoun
Of Lybeauus ſtede ſwyre.
But Lybeauus was werrour ſlegh,
And ſmot of hys theygh,
Fell, and bone, and lyre;
Tho halp hym naght hys armys
Hys chauntement, ne hys charmys,
Adoun fell that ſory ſyre.

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Lybeauus adoun lyght,
Afote for to fyght,
Maboun and he yn fere;
Swych ſtrokes they gon dyghte,
That ſparkes ſprong out bryght
Fram ſcheld and helmes clere.
As they togedere ſette,
Har ſwerdes togedere mette,
As ye may lythe and lere;
Maboun, that more ſchrewe,
To-karf that ſworde of Lybeawe,
A twynne quyt and ſkere.

Lybeauus was ſore aſchamed,
And yn hys herte agramede,
For he hadde ylore hys ſworde;
And hys ſtede was lamed,
And he ſchulde be defamed,
To Artour kyng, hys lord.
To Yrayn tho he ran,
Hys ſword he drough out than,
Was ſcharp of egge, and ord;
To Maboun he ran ryght,
Well faſte he gan to fyght,
Of love ther nas no word.

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But ever faught Maboun,
As a wod lyoun,
  Lybeauus for to ſlo;
But Lybeauus karf adoun
Hys ſcheld wyth hys ſachoun,
  That he tok Yrayn fro.
Wythout more tale teld,
The left arm wyth the ſcheld
  Well evene he ſmot of tho;
Tho ſpak Maboun hym tylle,
Of thyne dentys ylle,
  Gentyll knyght, now ho.

And i woll yelde me,
In trewthe and lewtè,
  At thyn owene wylle;
And that lady fre,
That ys yn my pouſtè,
  I wyll the take tylle.
For thorugh that ſwordes dent
Myn hond y have yſchent,
  That ſemyn wyll me ſpylle;
I ſemynede hem bothe,
Sertayn wythoute nothe,
  In feld our ſon to fylle.

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Seyde Lybeauus, Be my thryfte,
I nell naght of thy yefte,
All thys world to wynne;
But ley on ſtrokes ſwyfte,
Our on ſchall other lyfte
That hedde of be the ſkynne.
Maboun and Lybeauus
Faſte togedere hewes,
And ſtente for no ſynne;
Lybeauus was more of myght,
And karf hys helm bryght,
And hys hedde atwynne.

Tho Maboun was yſclayn,
He ran ther hē lefte Yrayn,
Wyth fachoun yn hys feſt;
For to cleve hys brayn,
Therof he was ſertayn,
And trewly was hys tryſt.
And whanne he com thore,
Away he was ybore,
Whyderward he nyſte;
He ſofte hym for the nones,
Wyde yn alle the wones,
To fyghte more hym lyſte.

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And whanne he ne fond hym noght,
He held hymſelf be caught,
And gan to ſyke ſare,
And ſeyde yn word and thought
Thys wyll be ſore abought
That he ys thus fram me yfare.
On kne hym ſette that gentyll knyght
And prayde to Marie bryght,
Kevere hym of hys care;
As he prayde thus yn halle
Out of the ſton walle
A wyndow doun fyll thare;

And a greet wonder wythall
In hys herte gan fall,
As he ſat and beheld;
A warm come out a pace,
Wyth a womannes face,
Was yong and nothyng eld.
Hyr body and hyr wyngys
Schynede yn all thynges,
As gold gaylyche ygyld were,
Her tayle was myche unmete,
Hyr pawes grymly grete,
As ye may lythe and lere.

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Lybeauus began to ſwete,
Ther he ſatte yn hys ſete,
Maad as he were,
So ſore hym gan agryſe
That he ne myghte aryſe,
Thaugh hyt hadde bene all afere.
And er Lybeauus hyt wyſte
The warm wyth mouth hym kyſte,
All aboute hys ſwyre;
And after that kyſsynge
The warmys tayle and wynge
Anon hyt fell fro hyre.

So fayr yn all thyng
Woman wythout leſyng
Ne ſaw he never er tho,
But ſche ſtod before hym naked,
And all her body quaked,
Therfore was Lybeauus wo.
Sche ſeyde, Knyght gentyle,
God yelde the dy whyle,
That my ſon thou woldeſt ſlo?
Thou haſt yſlawe nouthe
Two clerkes kouthe,
To deeth they wold me have ydo.

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Be eſt, north, and ſowthe,
Be wordes of har mouthe,
Well many man kouth they ſchend;
Wyth hare chauntement,
To warm me hadde they ywent,
In wo to welde and wende.
Tyll y hadde kyſte Gaweyn,
Eyther ſom other knyght ſertayn,
That wer of hys kende;
And for thou ſavyſt my lyf,
Casteles ten and fyf
I yeve the wythouten ende:

And y to be thy wyf,
Ay wythouten ſtryf,
Yyf hyt ys Artours wylle,
Lybeauus was glad and blythe,
And lepte to horſe ſwythe,
And lefte that lady ſtylle.
But ever he dradde Yrayn,
For he was naght yſlayn,
Wyth ſpeche he wold hym ſpylle;
To the castell gate he rod,
And hovede and abod,
To Jheſu he bad wyth good wylle,

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Sende hym tydyngys glad,
Of ham that long hadde
That lady do vylanye;
Lybeauus Lambard tolde,
And othre knyghtes bolde,
How hym ther gan agye;
And how Maboun was yſlayn,
And wondede was Yrayn,
Thorugh grace of ſeynt Marie;
And how that lady bryght
To a warm was dyght,
Thorugh kraft of chaunterye.

And how thorugh kus of a knyght
Woman ſche was aplyght,
And a ſemyly creature;
But ſche ſtod me before,
Naketh as ſche was ybore,
And ſeyde, now y am ſure
My fomen beth yſlayn,
Maboun and Yrayn,
In pes now may we dure.
Whan ſyr Lybeauus, knyght of prys,
Hadde ytolde the ſtyward, y wys,
All thys aventure,

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A robe of purpure bys,
Ypelvryd wyth puryd grys,
Anon he lette forth brynge;
Calles and keverchefs ryche
He ſent her pryvylyche,
Anon wythout dwellynge;
And whan ſche was redy dyght,
Sche rod wyth mayn and myght,
And wyth her another kyng;
And all the peple of the toune,
Wyth a fayr procesſyoun,
Thyder they gonne thrynge.

Whan the lady was come to towne,
Of gold and ryche ſtones a krowne,
Upon her hedde was ſette;
And weren glad and blythe,
And thonkede god fele ſyde,
That her bales bette.
All the lordes of dygnytè,
Dede her omage and feawtè,
As hyt was due dette;
Thus Lybeauus, wys and wyght,
Wan that ylke lady bryght,
Out of the develes nette.

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Sevé nyght they made ſojour,
Wyth Lambard yn the tour,
And all the peple yn ſame;
And tho wente they wyth honour
To the noble kyng Artour,
Wyth moche gle and game:
And thonkede godes myghtes,
Artour and hys knyghtes,
That he ne hadde no ſchame;
Artour yaf her alſo blyve
Lybeauus to be hys wyfe,
That was ſo gentyll a dame.

The joye of that bredale
Nys not told yn tale,
Ne rekened yn no geſt;
Barons and lordynges ſale
Come to that ſemyly ſale,
And ladyes well honeſte.
Ther was ryche ſervyſe,
Of all that men kouth devyſe,
To leſt and ek to meſt;
The menſtrales, yn bour and halle,
Hadde ryche yftes wythalle,
And they that weryn unwreſt.

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Fourty dayes they dwellde,
And har feſte helde,
  Wyth Artour the kyng;
As the Frenſſch tale teld,
Artour, wyth knyghtes beld,
  At hom gan hem brynge.
Fele yer they levede yn ſame,
Wyth moche gle and game,
  Lybeauus and that ſwete thyng.
Jheſu Cryſt our ſavyour,
And hys moder, that ſwete flour,
  Graunte us alle good endynge.

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THE GESTE OF KYNG HORN.

Alle heo ben blythe
That to my ſong ylythe,
A ſong ychulle ou ſinge
Of Allof the gode kynge.
Kyng he wes by Weſte,
The whiles hit yleſte;
Ant Godylt his gode quene,
Ne feyrore myghte bene;
Ant huere ſone, hihte Horn,
Feyrore child ne myhte be born.
For reyn ne myhte by ryne,
Ne ſonne myhte ſhyne
Feyrore child then he was,
Bryht ſo ever eny glas;
So whit ſo eny lylye flour,
So roſe red wes his colour.
He wes feyr and eke bold,
Ant of fyftene wynter old:

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Nis non his yliche
In none kinges ryche,
Tueye feren he hadde,
That he with him ladde,
Alle richemenne ſones,
And alle ſuythe feyre gomes,
Wyth him forté pleye.
Meſt he lovede tueye,
That on wes hoten Athulf chyld,
And that other Fykenyld:
Athulf wes the beſte,
And Fykenyld the werſte.
Hyt was upon a ſomeres day,
Alſo ich ou telle may,
Allof the gode kyng
Rode upon ys pleyyyng,
Bi the ſee ſide,
Ther he was woned to ryde,
With him ne ryde bote tuo,
Al to fewe hue were tho.
He fond by the ſtronde
Aryved on is londe
Shipes ſyftene,
Of Sarazynes kene,

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He aſkede whet hue ſohten,
Other on is lond brohten.
A payen hit yherde,
And ſone him onſuerde,
Thy lond-folk we wolleth ſlon,
That ever Criſt leveth on,
And the we wolleth ryht anon,
Shalt thou never henne gon.
The kyng lyhte of his ſtede,
For tho he hevede nede,
Ant his gode feren tuo,
Mid y wis huem wes ful wo;
Swerde hy gonne gripe,
And togedere ſmyte,
Hy ſmyten under ſhelde,
That hy ſomme yfelde.
The kyng hade to fewe,
Ayeyn ſo monie ſchrewe,
So fele myhten ethe
Bringe thre to dethe.
The payns come to londe,
And nomen hit an honde,
The folk hy gonne quelle,
And Sarazyns to felle.

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Ther ne myghte libbe
The fremede ne the fibbe
Bote he is lawe forſoke,
And to huere toke.
Of alle wymmanne
Werſt was Godyld thanne,
For Allof hy wepeth ſore,
And for Horn yet more;
Godild hade ſo muche ſore,
That habbe myhte hue na more.
Hue wente out of halle,
From hire maidnes alle,
Under a roche of ſtone,
There hue wonede al one;
Ther hue ſervede gode,
Ayeyn the payenes forbode;
Ther hue ſervede Criſt,
That the payenes hit nuſt;
Ant ever hue bad for Horn child,
That Criſt him wrthe myld.
Horn wes in payenes hond,
Mid is feren of the lond,
Muche wes the feyrhade
That Jheſu Criſt him made;

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Payenes him wolde ſlo,
And ſumme him wolde ſlo,
Yyf Hornes ſeyrneſſe nere
Yſlawe his children were.
Tho ſpec on admyrold,
Of wordes he wes ſwythe bold:
Horn, thou art ſwythe kene,
Bryht of hewe and ſhene,
Thou art ſayr and eke ſtrong,
And eke eveneliche long,
Yef thou to lyve mote go,
Ant thyne feren alſo,
That y may byſalle,
That ye ſhule ſlen us alle;
Tharefore thou ſhalt to ſtreme go,
Thou ant thy feren alſo,
To ſhipe ye ſhule founde,
And ſinke to the grounde,
The ſee the ſhal adrenche,
Ne ſhal hit us of thenche,
For yef thou were alyve,
With ſuerd other with knyve,
We ſhulden alle deye,
Thy fader deth to beye.

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The children ede to the ſtronde,
Wryngynde huere honde,
Ant into ſhipes borde,
At the furſte worde:
Ofte hade Horn be wo,
Ah never wors then him wes tho.
The ſee bygon to flowen,
And Horn faſte to rowen,
Ant that ſhip wel ſuythe drof,
Ant Horn wes adred therof,
Hue wenden mid y wiſſe,
Of huere lyve to miſſe,
Al the day and al the nyht,
O that ſprong the day-lyht,
Flotterede Horn by the ſtronde,
Er he ſeye eny londe.
Feren, quoth Horn the yynge,
Y telle ou tydynge,
Ich here foules ſinge,
And ſe the graſes ſpringe,
Blythe be ye alyve,
Ur ſhip is come to ryve.
Of ſhipe hy gonne founde,
And ſette fot to grounde,

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By the ſee ſyde,
Hure ſhip bigon to ryde.
Thenne ſpec him child Horn,
In Sudenne he was yborn:
" Non ſhip by the flode
Have dayes gode;
By the ſee brynke
No water the adrynke;
Softe mote thou ſterye
That water the ne derye.
Yef thou comeſt to Sudenne,
Gret hem that me kenne;
Gret wel the gode
Quene Godild mi moder;
And ſeythene hethene kyng,
Jheſu Criſtes wytherlyng;
That ich, hol and fere,
In lond aryvede here;
Ant ſay that he ſhal fonde
Then deth of myne honde."
The ſhip bigon to fleoten,
And Horn child to weopen,
By dales and by dounes,
The children eoden to tounes,

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Metten hue Eylmer the kyng,
Criſt him yeve god tymyng,
Kyng of Weſtneſſe,
Criſt him myhte bleſſe,
He ſpec to Horn child,
Wordes ſuythe myld:
" Whenne be ye, gomen,
That bueth her a londe ycomen?
Alle threttene
Of bodye ſuythe kene;
By god, that me made,
So feyr a felanrade
Ne ſeh y never ſtonde
In Weſtneſſe londe:
Say me whet ye ſeche."
Horn ſpec huere ſpeche,
Horn ſpac for huem alle,
For ſo hit moſte byfalle,
He wes the wyſeſte,
And of wytte the beſte:
" We bueth of Sudenne,
Ycome of gode kenne,
Of Criſtene blode,
Of cunne ſwythe gode;

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Payenes ther connen aryve,
And Criſtine brohten of lyve,
Slowen and to-drowe,
Criſtinemen ynowe;
So Criſt me mote rede,
Ous hy duden lede
In to a galeye,
With the ſee to pleye;
Day is gon and other,
Withoute ſeyl and rother,
Ure ſhip flet forth ylome,
And her to londe hit ys ycome.
Nou thou myht us flen and bynde,
Oure honde us bihynde;
Ah yef hit is thi wille,
Help us that we ne ſpylle.
Tho ſpac the gode kyng,
He nes never nythyng:
" Sey, child, whet ys thy name,
Shal the tide bote game?
The child him onſuerde,
So ſone he hit yherde,
Horn ycham yhote,
Ycome out of this bote,

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From the ſee ſide;
Kyng, wel the bitide.
Horn child, quoth the kyng,
Wel brouk thou thy nome yyng.
Horn him goth ſo ſtille,
Bi dale and bi hille,
Horn hath londe ſoune
Thurghout uch a toune,
" So ſhal thi nome ſprynge,
From kynge to kynge,
Ant thi feirneſſe
Aboute Weſtneſſe.
Horn, thou art ſo ſuete,
Ne ſhãl y the forlete."
Hom rod Aylmer the kyng,
And Horn with him his fundlyng,
And alle his yfere,
That him were ſo duere.
The kyng com into halle,
Among his knyhtes alle,
Forth he clepeth Athelbrus,
His ſtiward, and him ſeide thus,
Stiward tac thou here
My fundling for to lere

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Of thine mestere,
Of wode and of ryvere,
Ant toggen o the harpe,
With is nayles ſharpe;
Ant tech him alle the liſtes
That thou ever wyſtes
Byfore me to kerven,
And of my coupe to ſerven;
Ant his feren devyſe
With ous other ſerviſe.
Horn child thou underſtond,
Tech him of harpe and of ſong.
Athelbrus gon leren
Horn, and hyſe feren,
Horn mid herte lahte
Al that mon him tahte.
Withinne court and withoute,
And over al aboute,
Lovede men Horn child,
And moſt him lovede Rymenyld,
The kinges oune dohter.
For he wes in hire thohte.
Hue lovede him in hire mod,
For he wes feir and eke god,

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And thah hue ne dorſte at bord
Mid him ſpeke ner a word,
Ne in the halle,
Among the knyhtes alle,
Hyre ſorewe ant hire pyne
Nolde never fyne,
Bi daye ne by nyhte,
For hue ſpeke ne myhte
With Horn that wes ſo feir and fre;
Tho hue ne myhte with him be,
In herte hue hade caré and wo,
And ther hue bithohte hire tho,
Hue ſende hyre ſonde
Athelbrus to honde,
That he come hire to,
And alſo ſhulde Horn do,
In to hire boure,
For hue bigon to loure:
And the ſonde ſayde
That ſeek wes the mayde,
And bed him come ſuythe,
For hue nis nout blythe.
The ſtiward wes in huerte wo,
For he nuſte whet he ſhulde do,

What Rymenild byſohte
Gret wonder him thohte,
Aboute Horn the yinge
To boure forté bringe;
He thohte on is mode
Hit nes for none gode,
He tok with him an other,
Athulf Hornes brother:
Athulf, quoth he, ryht anon,
Thou ſhalt with me to boure gon,
To ſpeke with Rymenild ſtille,
To wyte hyre wille;
Thou art Hornes yliche,
Thou ſhalt hire byſinyke:
Sore me adrede,
That hue wole Horn mysrede.
Athelbrus and Athulf bo
To hire boure beth ygo,
Upon Athulf childe
Rymenild con waxe wilde;
Hue wende Horn it were
That hue hade there.
Hue ſeten adoun ſtille,
Ant ſeyden hure wille,

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In hire armes tueye
Athulf he con leye.
Horn, quoth heo, wel longe
Y have loved the ſtronge;
Thou ſhalt thy treuthe plyhte
In myn hond with ryhte
Me to ſpouſe welde,
And ich the loverd to helde.
So ſtille ſo hit were
Athulf ſeyde in hire eere
Ne tel thou no more ſpeche,
May y the byſeche,
Thi tale gyn thou lynne,
For Horn nis nout her-ynne;
Ne be we nout yliche,
For Horn is fayr and ryche,
Fayrore by one ribbe
Then ani mon that libbe;
Thah Horn were under molde
And other elle wher he ſholde
Hennes a thouſent milen,
Y nulle him bigilen.
Rymenild hire bywente,
Ant Athelbrus thus heo ſhente.

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Athelbrus, thou foule thef,
Ne wortheſt thou me never lef,
Went Went out of my boure,
Shame the mote by ſhoure,
Ant evel hap to underfonge,
And evele rode on to honge,
Ne ſpeke y nout with Horne,
Nis he nout ſo unorne.
Tho Athelbrus aſtounde,
Fel aknen to grounde:
" Ha, leuedy, myn owe,
Me lythe a lutel throwe,
Ant liſt werefore ych wonde
To bringen Horn to honde;
For Horn is fayr and riche,
Nis non his ylyche;
Aylmer, the gode kyng,
Dude him me in lokyng;
Yif Horn the were aboute,
Sore ich myhte doute
With him thou woldeſt pleye,
Bituene ou-ſelven tueye,
Then ſhulde, with outen othe,
The kyng us make wrothe.

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Ah, foryef me thi teone,
My leuedy, ant my quene,
Horn y ſhal the fecche,
Wham ſo hit yrecche."
Rymenild yef heo couthe
Con lythe with hyre mouthe,
Heo loh and made hire blythe,
For wel wes hire olyve.
Go thou, quoth heo, ſone,
And ſend him after none,
A ſkuyeres wyſe,
When the king aryſe,
He ſhal myd me bileve,
That hit be ner eve,
Have ich of him mi wille,
Ne recchi whet men telle.
Athelbrus goth with alle,
Horn he fond in halle,
Bifore the kyng o banche,
Wyn forté ſhenche.
Horn, quoth he, thou hende,
To boure gyn thou wende,
To ſpeke with Rymenild the yynge,
Dohter oure kynge,

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Wordes ſuythe bolde,
Thin herte gyn thou holde;
Horn, be thou me trewe,
Shal the nout arewe.
He eode forth to-ryhte,
To Rymenild the bryhte,
A kne wes he him ſette,
And ſuetliche hire grette,
Of ys fayre ſyhte
Al that boure gan lyhte.
He ſpac faire is ſpeche,
Ne durth non him teche:
" Wel thou ſitte and ſothte,
Rymenild kinges dohter,
Ant thy maydnes here,
That ſitteth thyne yfere;
Kynges ſtiward oure
Sende me to boure,
Forté yhere, leuedy myn,
Whet be wille thyn."
Rymenild up gon ſtonde,
And tok him by the honde,
Heo made feyre chere,
And tok him bi the ſuere;

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Ofte heo him cuſte,
So wel hyre luſte:
Welcome, Horn, thus ſayde
Rymenild that mayde,
An even and a morewe
For the ich habbe ſorewe,
That y have no reſte,
No ſlepe me ne lyſte;
Horn, thou ſhalt wel ſwythe
Mi longe ſerewe lythe,
Thou ſhalt, wythoute ſtrive,
Habbe me to wyve;
Horn, have of me reuthe,
And plyht me thi treuthe.
Horn tho him bythohte,
Whet he ſpeken ohte:
Criſt, quoth Horn, the wiſſe,
And yeve the hevene bliſſe,
Of thine hoſebonde,
Who he be a londe,
Ich am ybore thral,
Thy fader fundlyng withal,
Of kunde me ne ſelde,
The to ſpouſe welde,

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Hit nere no fair weddyng
Bituene a thral and the kyng.
Tho gon Rymenild mislyken,
And fore bigon to fyken,
Armes bigon unbowe,
And doun heo fel yfwowe.
Horn hire up hente,
And in is armes trente,
He gon hire to cuffe,
And feyre forté wiffe.
Rymenild, quoth he, duere,
Help me that ych were,
Ydobbed to be knyhte,
Suete, bi al thi myhte,
To mi louerd the kyng,
That he me yeve dobbyng;
Thenne is my thralhede
Al wend into knyhthede,
Y fhal waxe more,
And do Rymenild thi lore.
Tho Rymenild the yynge
Aros of hire fwowenynge:
" Nou, Horn, to fothe
Yleve the by thyn othe,

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Thou ſhalt be maked knyht,
Er then this fourteniht;
Ber thou her thes coppe,
And thes ringes ther uppe,
To Athelbrus the ſtyward,
And ſay him, he holde forewárd;
Sey, ich him biſeche,
With loveliche ſpeche,
That he for the ſalle
To the kynges ſet in halle,
That he with is worde
The knyhty with ſworde,
With ſelver and with golde,
Hit worth him wel yyolde.
Nou Criſt him lene ſpede
Thin erndyng do hede."
Horn tok is leve,
For hit was neh eve,
Athelbrus he ſohte,
And tok him that he brohte,
Ant tolde him thare,
Hou he hede yfare;
He ſeide him is nede,
And him bihet is mede.

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Athelbrus, ſo blythe,
Eode into halle ſwythe,
And ſeide, Kyng, now leſte
O tale mid the beſte.
Thou ſhalt bere coroune
To marewe in this toune,
To marewe is thi feſte,
The bihoveth geſte,
Ich the rede mid al my myht,
That thou make Horn knyht,
Thin armes do him welde,
God knyht he ſhal the yelde.
The kyng ſeide wel ſone,
Hit is wel to done;
Horn me wel quemeth,
Knyht him wel byſemeth;
He ſhal have mi dobbyng,
And be myn other derlyng,
And his feren tuelve
He ſhal dobbe himſelve;
Alle y ſhal hem knyhte,
Byfore me to fyhte.
Al that the lyhte day ſprong
Aylmere thohte long;

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The day bigon to ſprynge,
Horn com byfore the kynge,
With his tuelf fere,
Alle ther ywere,
Horn knyht made he,
With ful gret ſolempnitè,
Sette him on a ſtede,
Red ſo eny glede,
Smot him a lute wiht,
And bed him buen a god knyht.
Athulf vel a kne ther,
And thonkede kyng Aylmer:
" Nou is knyht ſire Horn,
That in Sudenne wes yborn,
Lord he is of londe,
And of us that by him ſtonde,
Thin armes he haveth, and thy ſheld,
Forté fyhte in the feld,
Let him us alle knyhte,
So hit is his ryhte."
Aylmer ſeide, Ful y wis,
Nou do that thi wille ys.
Horn adoun con lyhte,
And made hem alle to knyhte,

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For muchel wes the geſte,
And more wes the feſte.
That Rymenild nes nout there
Hire thohte ſevé yere;
Efter Horn hue ſende,
Horn into boure wende,
He nolde gon is one,
Athulf wes hys ymone.
Rymenild welcometh fire Horn,
And Athulf knyht him biforn;
" Knyht, nou is tymé
For to ſitte by me,
Do nou that we ſpake,
To thi wyf thou me take;
Nou thou haſt wille thyne.
Unbynd me of this pyne."
" Rymenild, nou be ſtille,
I chulle don al thy wille.
Ah, her hit ſo bitide
Mid ſpere ichulle ryde,
Ant my knyhthod prove,
Er then ich the wowe.
We bueth nou knyhtes yonge,
Alle to day yſpronge,

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Ant of the mestere
Hit is the manere
With ſum other knyhte
For his lemmon to fythte;
Er ne he eny wyf take,
Other wyth wymmon forewart make.
To-day, ſo Criſt me bleſſe,
Y ſhal do prueſſe,
For thi love mid ſhelde
Amiddewart the felde,
Yef ich come to lyve,
Ychul the take to wyve."
" Knyht, y may yleve the,
Why ant thou trewe be;
Have her this gold ring,
Hit is ful god to thi dobbyng,
Ygraved is on the ryngе
Rymenild thy luef the yynge;
Nis non betere under ſonne,
That eny mon of conne;
For mi love thou hit were,
And on thy fynger thou hit bere;
The ſton haveth ſuche grace
Ne ſhalt thou in none place

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Deth underfonge,
Ne buen yflaye with wronge,
Yef thou lokeſt theran,
And thencheſt o thi lemman:
Ant ſire Athulf, thi brother,
He ſhal han en other.
Horn, Criſt y the byteche,
Myd mourninde ſpeche,
Criſt the yeve god endyng,
And ſound ayeyn the brynge."
The knyht hire gan to cuſſe,
And Rymenild him to bleſſe.
Leve at hire he nom,
And in to halle he com;
Knyhtes eode to table,
And Horn eode to ſtable;
Ther he tok his gode fole,
Blac ſo ever eny cole,
With armes he him fredde,
Ant is fole he fedde;
The fole bigon to-ſpringe,
And Horn murie to ſynge.
Horn rod one whyle
Wel more then a myle,

He ſeh a ſhyp at grounde,
With hethene hounde,
He aſkede wet hue hadden,
Other to londe ladden.
An hound him gan biholde,
And ſpek wordes bolde:
" This land we wolleth wynne,
And ſle that ther bueth inne."
Horn gan is ſwerd gripe,
Ant on is arm hit wype,
The Sarazyn he hitte ſo
That is hed fel to ys to.
Tho gonne the houndes gone
Ayeynes Horn ys one;
He lokede on is rynge,
Ant thohte o Rymenyld the yynge;
He ſloh ther of the beſte,
An houndred at the leſte,
Ne mihte no mon telle
Alle that he gon quelle;
Of that ther were oryve
He lafte lut olyve,
Horn tok the maister heved
That he him hade byreved.

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Ant ſette on is ſuerde,
Aboven othen orde.
He ferde hom to halle,
Among the knyhtes alle.
Kyng, quoth he, wel thou ſitte,
And thine knyhtes mitte,
To-day ich rod o my pleyying,
After my dobbyng,
Y fond a ſhip rowen,
In the ſound byflowen,
Mid unlondiſſhe menne,
Of Sarazynes kenne,
To dethe forté pyne,
The and alle thyne;
Hy gonne me aſayly,
Swerd me nolde fayly,
Y ſmot hem alle to grounde,
In a lutel ſtounde;
The heved ich the brynge
Of the maister kynge:
Nou have ich the yolde
That thou me knyhten wolde.
The day bigon to ſpringe,
The kyng rod on hontynge,

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To the wode wyde,
Ant Fykenyld bi is ſyde,
That fals wes ant untrewe,
Whoſe him wel yknewe.
Horn ne thohte nout him on,
Ant to boure wes ygon,
He ſond Rymenild ſittynde,
And wel ſore wepynde,
So whyt ſo the ſonne,
Mid terres al byronne.
Horn ſeide, Luef, thyn ore,
Why wepeſt thou ſo ſore?
Hue ſeide, Ich nout ne wepe,
Ah y ſhal er y ſlepe
Me thohte o my metyng
That ich rod o ſyſſhyng,
To ſee my net ycaſte,
Ant wel ſer hit laſte,
A gret fyſſh at the ferſte
My net made berſte,
That fyſſh me ſo bycahte
That y nout ne lahte,
Y wene y ſhal forleoſe
The fyſſh that y wolde cheoſe.

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Criſt and ſeint Stevene,
Quoth Horn, areche thy ſwevene.
No ſhal y the byſwyke,
Ne do that the mislyke;
Ich take the myn owe,
To holde and eke to knowe,
For everuch other wyhte
Therto my trouthe y plyhte.
Wel muche was the reuthe
That wes at thilke treuthe.
Rymenild wep wel ylle,
Ant Horn let terres ſtille:
Lemmon, quoth he, dere,
Thou ſhalt more yhere,
Thy ſweven ſhal wende;
Summon us wole ſhende.
That fyſſh that brac thy net,
Y wys it is ſumwet,
That wol us do ſum teone,
Y wys hit worth yſene.
Aylmer rod by ſtoure,
Ant Horn wes yne boure,
Fykenyld hade envye,
And ſeyde theoſe folye:

" Aylmer, ich the werne,
Horn the wole forberne;
Ich herde wher he ſeyde,
Ant his ſuerd he leyde,
To brynge the of lyve,
And take Rymenyld to wyve;
He lyht nou in boure,
Under covertoure,
By Rymenyld thy dohter,
Ant ſo he doth wel ofte;
Do him out of londe,
Er he do more ſhonde."
Aylmer gan hom turne,
Wel mody, and wel ſturne,
He fond Horn under arme,
In Rymenyldes barme.
Go out, quoth Aylmer the kyng,
Horn, thou foule fundlyng,
Forth out of boures flore,
For Rymenild, thin hore;
Wend out of londe ſone,
Her naſt thou nout to done.
Wel ſone bote thou flette,
Myd ſuert y ſhal the ſette.

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Horn eode to ſtable,
Wel modi for that fable,
He ſette ſadel on ſtede,
With armes he gon him ſhrede,
His brunie he con lace,
So he ſhulde into place,
His ſuerd he gon ſonge,
Ne ſtod he nout to longe,
To is ſuerd he gon teon,
Ne durſte non wel him ſeon.
He ſeide, Lemmon derlyng,
Nou thou haveſt thy ſwevenyng,
The fyſſh that thyn net rende
From the me he ſende;
The kyng with me gynneth ſtrive,
Awey he wole me dryve,
Tharefore have nou godneday,
Nou y mot founde and fare away
Into uncouthe londe,
Wel more forté fonde,
Y ſhal wonie there
Fylle ſevé yere,
At the ſevé yeres ende
Yyf y ne come ne ſende,

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Tac thou hoſebonde,
For me that thou ne wonde;
In armes thou me fonge,
Ant cus me ſwythe longe.
Hy cuſten hem aſtounde,
And Rymenild ſel to grounde.
Horn toc his leve,
He myhte nout byleve,
He toc Athulf is fere
Aboute the ſwere,
And ſeide, Knyht, ſo trewe,
Kep wel my love newe,
Thou never ne forſoke
Rymenild to kepe ant loke.
His ſtede he bigan ſtryde,
Ant forth he con hym ryde.
Athulf wep with eyyen,
Ant alle that hit yſeyyen.
Horn forth him ferde,
A god ſhip he him herde,
That him ſhulde paſſe
Out of Weſtneſſe.
The wynd bigon to ſtonde,
Ant drof hem up o londe,

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To lond that hy fletten,
Fot out of ſhip hy ſetten.
He fond by the weye
Kynges ſones tueye;
That on wes hoten Athyld,
Ant that other Beryld;
Beryld hym con preye,
That he ſhulde ſeye,
What he wolde there,
Ant what ys nome were.
Godmod, he ſeith, ich hote,
Ycomen out of this bote,
Wel fer from by Weſte,
To ſeche myne beſte.
Beryld con ner him ryde,
Ant toc him bi the bride:
" Wel be thou knyht yfounde,
With me thou lef a ſtounde,
Al ſo ich mote ſterve
The kyng thou ſhalt ſerve;
Ne ſeh ȳ never alyve,
So feir knyht her aryve."
Godmod he ladde to halle,
Ant he adoun gan falle,

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Ant ſette him a knelyng;
Ant grette thene gode kyng.
Tho ſaide Beryld, wel ſone,
Kyng with him thou ast done,
Thi lond tac him to werie,
Ne ſhal the no mon derye,
For he is the feyreſte man
That ever in this londe cam.
Tho ſeide the kyng wel dere,
Welcome be thou here;
Go, Beryld, wel ſwythe.
And make hym wel blythe,
Ant when thou fareſt to wowen,
Tac him thine gloven,
Ther thou haſt munt to wyve,
Awey he ſhal the dryve;
For Godmodes feyrhede
Shalt thou newer ſpede.
Hit wes at Criſtesmaſſe,
Nouther more ne laſſe,
The kyng made feſte
Of his knyhtes beſte,
Ther com in at none
A geaunt ſuythe ſone,

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Yärmed of paynyme,
Ant ſeide thiſe ryme:
Site kyng bi kynge,
Ant herkne my tidynge:
Her bueth paynes aryve,
Wel more then fyve,
Her beth upon honde,
Kyng, in thine londe,
On therof wol fyhte
To-yeynes thre knyhtes,
Yef ure thre ſleh oure on,
We ſhulen of ure londe gon;
Yef ure on ſleh oure thre,
Al this lond ſhal ure be:
To-morewe ſhal be the fyhtynge
At the ſone upſpringe.
Tho ſeyde the kyng Thurſton,
Godmod ſhal be that on,
Beryld ſhal be that other,
The thridde Athyld is brother;
For hue bueth ſtrongeſte,
Ant in armes the beſte.
Ah wat ſhal us to rede!
Y wene we bueth dede.

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Godmod ſet at borde,
Ant ſeide theoſe wordes:
Sire kyng, nis no ryhte
On with thre fyhte,
Ayeynes one hounde
Thre Criſtene to founde;
Ah kyng, y ſhal alone,
Withoute more ymone,
With my ſuerd ful ethe,
Bringen hem alle to dethe.
The kyng aros amorewe,
He hade much ſorewe;
Godmod ros of bedde,
With armes he him ſhredde;
His brunye he on caſte,
And knutte hit wel faſte;
Ant com him to the kynge,
At his upryſynge.
Kyng, quoth he, com to felde,
Me forté byhelde,
Hou we ſhule flyten,
Ant togedere ſmiten.
Riht at prime tide,
Hy gonnen out to ryde,

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Hy founden in a grene
A geaunt ſwythe kene,
His feren him biſide,
That day forto abyde.
Godmod hem gon aſaylen.
Nolde he nout faylen,
He yef duntes ynowe,
The payen fel yſwowe;
Ys feren gonnen hem withdrawe,
For huere maiſter wes neh ſlawe.
He ſeide, Knyht, thou reſte,
A whyle yef the leſte,
Y ne hevede of monnes hond
So harde duntes in non londe,
Bote of the kyng Murry,
That wes ſwithe ſturdy,
He wes of Hornes kenne,
Y ſloh him in Sudenne.
Godmod him gon agryſe,
Ant his blod aryſe,
Byforen him he ſeh ſtonde
That drof him out of londe,
Ant fader his aquelde,
He ſmot him under ſhelde,

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He lokede on is rynge
Ant thohte o Rymenild the yynge;
Mid god ſuerd at the furſte,
He ſmot him thourh the huerte.
The payns bigonne to fleon,
Ant to huere ſhype teon,
To ſhip hue wolden erne,
Godmod hem gon werne.
The kynges ſones tweyne
The paiens ſlowe beyne.
Tho wes Godmod ſwythe wo,
Ant the payens he ſmot ſo,
That, in a lutel ſtounde,
The paiens hy ſelle to grounde.
Godmod ant is men
Slowe the payenes everuchen.
His fader deth and ys lond
Awrek Godmod with his hond.
The kyng, with reuthful chere,
Lette leggen is ſones on bere,
Ant bringen hom to halle,
Muche ſorewe hue maden alle;
In a chirche of lym and ſton
Me buriede hem with ryche won.

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The kyng lette forth calle
Hiſe knyhtes alle,
Ant ſeide, Godmod, yef thou nere
Alle ded we were,
Thou art bothe god and feyr,
Her y make the myn hey,
For my ſones bueth yſlawe,
Ant ybroht of lyf dawe;
Dohter ich habbe one,
Nys non ſo feyr of blod ant bone,
Ermenild that feyre may,
Bryht ſo eny ſomeres day,
Hire wolle ich yeve the,
Ant her kyng ſhalt thou be.
He ſeyde, More ichul the ſerve,
Kyng, er then thou ſterve;
When y thy dohter yerne,
Heo ne ſhal me nothyng werne.
Godmod wonede there
Fulle ſix yere,
Ant the ſevethe yer bygon,
To Rymynyld ſonde ne ſende he non.
Rymenild wes in Weſtneſſe,
With muchel ſoreweneſſe,

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A kyng ther wes aryve,
Ant wolde hyre han to wyve,
At one were the kynges
Of that weddynge,
The dayes were ſo ſherte,
Ant Rymenild ne derſte
Latten on none wyfe;
A wryt hue dude devyſe,
Athulf hit dude wryte,
That Horn ne lovede nout lyte.
Hue ſende hire ſonde
Into everuche londe,
To fechen Horn knyhte,
Wher ſo er me myhte.
Horn therof nout herde,
Til o day that he ferde
To wode forté ſhete,
A page he gan mete,
Horn ſeide, Leve fere,
Whet deſt thou nou here?
" Sire, in lutel ſpelle,
Y may the ſone telle;
Ich ſeche, from Weſtneſſe,
Horn knyht of Eſtneſſe,

For Rymenild, that feyre may,
Soreweth for him nyht and day;
A kyng hire ſhal wedde,
A Sonneday to bedde;
Kyng Mody of Reynis,
That is Hornes enimis.
Ich habbe walked wyde,
By the ſee ſide,
Ne mihte ich him never cleche,
With nones kunnes ſpeche;
Ne may ich of him here,
In londe fer no nere;
Weylawey the while!
Him may hente gyle.
Horn hit herde with earen,
Ant ſpec with wete tearen:
So wel, grom, the bitide,
Horn ſtond bi thi ſyde;
Ayeyn to Rymenild turne,
And ſey that hue ne murne;
Y ſhal be ther bitime,
A Sonneday er prime.
The page wes wel blythe,
And ſhipede wel ſuythe;

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The ſee him gon adrynke,
That Rymenil may of thinke,
The him con ded thhrowe
Under hire chambre wowe.
Rymenild lokede wide,
By the ſee ſyde,
Yef heo ſeye Horn come,
Other tidynge of eny gome;
Tho fond hue hire ſonde
Adronque by the ſtronde,
That ſhulde Horn brynge,
Hire hondes gon hue wrynge.
Horn com to Thurſton the kynge,
Ant told him thes tidynge;
Ant tho he was biknowe,
That Rymenild wes ys owe;
Ant of his gode kenne,
The kyng of Sudenne;
Ant hou he ſloh afelde
Him that is fader aquelde;
Ant ſeide, Kyng, ſo wyſe,
Yeld me my ſervice,
Rymenild help me to wynne,
Swythe that thou ne blynne,

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Ant y ſhal do to houſe
Thy dohter wel to ſpouſe,
For hue ſhal to ſpouſe have
Athulf my gode ſelawe;
He is knyht mid the beſte,
And on of the treweſte.
The kyng ſeide ſo ſtille,
Horn, do al thi wille.
He ſende tho by ſonde,
Yend al is londe,
After knyhtes to fyhte,
That were men ſo lyhte;
To him come ynowe,
That in to ſhipe drowe.
Horn dude him in the weye,
In a gret galeye;
The wynd bigon to blowe,
In a lutel throwe;
The ſee bigan with ſhip to gon,
To Weſtneſſe hem brohte anon.
Hue ſtriken ſeyl of maſte,
Ant ancre gonnen caſte.
Matynes were yronge,
And the maſſe yſonge,

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Of Rymenild the yynge,
Ant of Mody the kynge;
Ant Horn wes in watere,
Ne mihte he come no latere.
He let is ſhip ſtonde,
Ant com him up to londe,
His folk he made abyde
Under a wode ſyde.
Horn eode forh al one,
So he ſprong of the ſtone,
On palmere he ymette,
And with wordes hyne grette:
Palmere, thou ſhalt me telle,
He ſeyde, of thine ſpelle,
So brouke thou thi croune,
Why comeſt thou from toune?
Ant he ſeide on is tale,
Y come from a brudale,
From brudale wylde
Of maide Remehylde;
Ne mihte hue nout dreye,
That hue ne wep with eye.
Hue ſeide that hue nolde
Be ſpouſed with golde,

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Hue hade hofebonde,
Thah he were out of londe.
Ich wes in the halle,
Withinne the castel-walle,
Awey y gon glide,
The dole y nolde abyde;
Ther worth a dole reuly,
The brude wepeth bitterly.
Quoth Horn, So Crift me rede,
We wolleth chaunge wede;
Tac thou robe myne,
Ant ye fclaveyn thyne.
To day y fhal ther drynke
That fumme hit fhal of thynke.
Sclaveyn he gon doun legge,
And Horn hit dude on rugge,
Ant toc Hornes clothes,
That nout him were lothe.
Horn toc bordoun and fcrippe,
Ant gan to wringe is lippe,
He made foule chere,
And bicollede is fwere;
He com to the gateward,
That him onfuerede froward

Horn bed undo wel ſofte,
Moni tyme ant ofte,
Ne myhte he ywinne,
Forto come therynne.
Horn the wyket puſte,
That hit open fluſte,
The porter ſhulde abugge,
He threw him adoun the brugge,
That thre ribbes crakede.
Horn to halle rakede,
Ant ſette him doun wel lowe,
In the beggeres rowe.
He lokede aboute,
Myd is collede ſnoute,
Ther ſeh he Rymenild ſitte,
Aſe hue were out of wytte,
Wepiude ſore;
Ah he ſeh no wer thore
Athulf is gode ſelawe,
That trewe wes in uch plawe.
Athulf wes o tour ful heh,
To loke fer and eke neh,
After Hornes comynge,
Yef water him wolde brynge;

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The ſee he ſeh flowe,
Ah Horn no wer rowe;
He ſeyde on is ſonge,
Horn thou art to longe;
Rymenild thou me bitoke,
That ich hire ſhulde loke,
Ich have yloked evere,
And thou ne comeſt nevere.
Rymenild ros of benche
The beer al forté ſhenche,
After mete in ſale,
Bothe wyn and ale;
An horn hue ber an honde,
For that wes lawe of londe.
Hue dronc of the beere,
To knyht and ſkyere;
Horn ſet at grounde,
Him thohte he wes ybounde,
He ſeide, Quene, ſo hende,
To me hydeward thou wende,
Thou ſhench us with the vurſte,
The beggares bueth afurſte.
Hyre horn hue leyde adoune,
Ant fulde him of the broune,

A bolle of a galoun,
Hue wende he were a glotoun.
Hue ſeide, Tac the coppe,
Ant drync this ber al uppe;
Ne ſeh y never, y wene,
Beggare ſo kene.
Horn toc hit hiſe yfere,
Ant ſeide, Quene, ſo dere,
No beer nullich ibite,
Bote of coppe white;
Thou weneſt ich be a beggere,
Y wis icham a fyſſhere,
Wel ſer come by weſte,
To ſeche mine beſte;
Min net lyht her wel hende,
Withinne a wel feyr pende;
Ich have leye there,
Nou is this the ſevethe yere;
Icham icome to loke,
Yef eny fyſſh hit toke;
Yef eny fyſſh is therinne,
Ther of thou ſhalt wynne;
For icham come to fyſſh,
Drynke nully of dyſſh:

Drynke to Horn of horne,
Wel fer ich have yorne,
Rymenild him gan bihelde,
Hire herte fel to kelde;
Ne kneu hue noht is fyſſhyng,
Ne him ſelve nothyng:
Ah wonder hire gan thynke,
Why for Horn he bed drynke.
Hue fulde the horn of wyne,
Ant dronk to that pelryne.
Hue ſeide, Drync thi ſelle,
And ſeththen thou me telle,
Yef thou Horn ever ſeye,
Under wode-leye.
Horn dronc of horn aſtounde,
Ant threu is ryng to grounde,
Ant ſeide, Quene, thou thench
What y threu in the drench.
The quene eode to boure,
Mid hire maidnes foure,
Hue fond that hue wolde,
The ryng ygraved of golde,
That Horn of hire hedde,
Fol ſore hyre adredde

That Horn ded were,
For his ryng was there.
Tho ſende hue a damoiſele,
After thilke palmere:
Palmere, quoth hue, ſo trewe,
The ryng that thou yn threwe,
Thou ſey wer thou hit nome,
Ant hyder hou thou come.
He ſeyde, By ſeint Gyle,
Ich eode mony a myle,
Wel ſer yent by weſte,
To ſeche myne beſte;
Mi mete ſorté bydde,
For ſo me tho bitidde,
Ich fond Horn knyht ſtonde
To ſhipeward at ſtronde,
He ſeide he wolde geſſe
To aryve at Weſtneſſe;
The ſhip nom into flode
With me and Horn the gode;
Horn bygan be ſek and deye,
And for his love me preye
To gon with the rynge,
To Rymenild the yynge,

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Wel ofte he hyne keſte,
Criſt yeve is ſoule reſte!
Rymenild ſeide at the firſte,
Herte nou to berſte!
Horn worth be no more,
That haveth the pyned ſore.
Hue fel adoun a bedde,
Ant after knyves gredde,
To ſlein mide hire kyng Lothe,
And hire ſelve bothe,
Withinne thilke nyhte,
Come yef Horn ne myhte.
To herte knyf hue ſette,
Horn in is armes hire kepte,
His ſhurte-lappe he gan take,
And wypede awey the ſoule blake
That wes opon his ſuere;
Ant ſeide, Luef ſo dere,
Ne conſt thou me yknowe?
Ne am ich Horn thyn owe?
Ich Horn of Weſtneſſe,
In armes thou me keſſe.
Yclupten and kyſte
So longe ſo hem lyſte.

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Rymenild, quoth he, ich wende
Doun to the wodes ende,
For ther bueth myne knyhte,
Worthi men and lyhte,
Armed under clothe;
Hue ſhule make wrothe,
The kyng and hiſe geſtes,
That bueth at thiſe feſtes,
To-day ychulle huem cacche,
Nou ichulle huem vacche.
Horn ſprong out of halle,
Ys brunie he let falle;
Rymenild eode of boure,
Athulf hue fond loure:
" Athulf, be wel blythe,
Ant to Horn go ſwythe,
He is under wode-bowe,
With felawes ynowe."
Athulf gon forth ſpringe,
For that ilke tydynge,
Efter Horn he ernde,
Him thohte is herte bernde,
He ouk him, y wiſſe,
And cuſte him with blyſſe.

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Horn tok is preye,
Ant dude him in the weye,
Hue comen in wel ſone,
The yates weren undone,
Yärmed ſuithe thicke,
From fote to the nycke.
Alle that ther evere weren,
Withoute is trewe feren,
Ant the kyng Aylmare,
Y wis he hade muche care,
Monie that ther ſete,
Hure lyf hy gonne lete.
Horn underſtondyng ne hede
Of Fykeles falſede,
Hue ſuoren alle, ant ſeyde,
That hure non him wreyede,
Ant ſuore othes holde,
That huere non ne ſholde
Horn never bytreye,
Thah he on dethe leye.
Ther hy ronge the belle,
That wedlak to fulfulle,
Hue wenden hom with eyſe,
To the kynges paleyſe,

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Ther wes the brudale ſuete,
For richemen ther ete;
Telle ne mihte no tonge
The gle that ther was ſonge.
Horn ſet in chayere,
And bed hem alle ÿhere:
He ſeyde, Kyng of londe,
Mi tale thou underſtonde:
Ich wes ybore in Sudenne,
Kyng wes mi fader of kenne;
Thou me to knyhte hove,
Of knyhthod habbe y prove;
Thou dryve me out of thi lond,
And ſeydeſt ich wes traytour ſtrong;
Thou wendeſt that ich wrohte
That y ner ne thohte,
By Rymenild forté lygge,
Y wys ich hit withſugge,
Ne ſhal ich hit ner agynne
Er ich Sudenne wynne;
Thou kep hyre me aſtounde,
The while that ich founde
Into myn heritage,
With this Yriſſhe page,

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That lond ichulle thorhreche,
And do mi fader wreche;
Ychul be kyng of toune,
And lerne kynges roune:
Then ſhal Rymenild the yinge
Ligge by Horn the kynge.
Horn gan to ſhipe drawe,
With hyſe Yriſſhe felawe,
Athulf with him his brother,
He nolde habbe non other.
The ſhip bygan to cronde,
The wynd bleu wel londe,
Withinne dawes fyve,
The ſhip bigan aryve,
Under Sudennes ſide,
Huere ſhip by gon to ryde.
Aboute the mi̇dnyhte
Horn eode wel rihte,
He nom Athulf by honde,
And ede up to londe;
Hue fonden under ſhelde
A knyht liggunde on felde,
O the ſhelde wes ydrawe,
A croyz of Jheſu Criſtes lawe,

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The knyht him lay on ſlapé,
In armes wel yſhape.
Horn him gan ytake,
And ſeide, Knyht, awake;
Thou ſei me whet thou kepeſt,
And here whi thou ſlepeſt;
Me thinkes by crois liſte,
That thou leveſt on Criſte,
Bote thou hit wolle ſhewe,
My ſuerd ſhal the to hewe.
The gode knyht up aros,
Of Hornes wordes him agros:
He ſeide ich ſervy ille,
Paynes to-yeynes mi wille:
Ich wes Criſtene ſum while,
Ycome into this yle,
Sarazynes lothe and blake,
Me made Jheſu forſake,
To loke this pasſage,
For Horn that is of age,
That woneth her by-weſte,
God knyht mid the beſte,
Hue ſlowe mid huere honde
The kyng of thiſſe londe,

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Ant with him mony honder,
Therfore me thuncheth wonder
That he ne cometh to fyhte,
God yeve him the myhte
That wynd him hider dryve,
To don hem alle of lyve,
And flowen kyng Mury,
Horn es com es mon hardy.
Horn of lond hue fenten,
Tuelf children with him wenten,
With hem wes Athulf the gode,
Mi child, my oune fode.
Yef Horn is hol ant founde,
Athulf tit no wounde,
He lovede Horn with mihte,
And he him with ryhte;
Yef y myhte fe hem tueye,
Thenne ne noht i forté deye.
" Knyht, be thenne blythe,
Meft of alle fythe,
Athulf and Horn is fere,
Both we beth here.
The knyht to Horn gan fkippe,
And in his armes clippe

Much joye hue maden yfere,
Tho hue to gedere ycome were.
He ſaide, with ſtevene thare,
Yungemen, hou habbe ye yore yfare?
Wolle ye this lond wynne,
And wonie therynne?
He ſeide, Suete Horn child,
Yet lyveth thy moder Godyld?
Of iore hue ne miſte
Olyve yef hue the wiſte.
Horn ſeide, on is ryme,
Ybleſſed be the time,
Icham icome into Sudenne,
With fele Yriſſhemenne,
We ſhule the houndes kecche,
And to the deye vecche;
Ant ſo we ſhulen hem teche
To ſpeken oure ſpeche.
Horn gan is horn blowe,
Is folk hit con yknowe,
Hue comen out of hurne,
To Horn ſwythe yurne;
Hue ſmiten, and hue ſyhten,
The niht and eke the ohtoun;

The Sarazyns hue ſlowe,
Ant ſumme quike to drowe,
Mid ſperes ord hue ſtonge,
De the olde and eke the yonge.
Horn lette ſone wurche,
Bothe chapel and chyrche;
He made belle rynge,
Ant preſtes maſſe ſynge;
He ſohte is moder halle,
In the roche walle;
He cuſte hire ant grette,
Ant into the castel fette
Croune he gan werie,
Ant make feſte merye,
Murie he ther wrohte,
Ah Rymenild hit abohte.
The whiles Horn wes oute
Fikenild ferde aboute,
The betere forté ſpede,
The riche he yef mede,
Bothe yonge ant olde,
With him forté holde;
Ston he dude lade,
Ant lym therto he made,

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Castel he made ſette,
With waterre by ſlette,
That theryn come ne myhte,
Bote foul with ſlyhte,
Bote when the ſee withdrowe
Ther mihte come ynowe.
Ther Fykenild gon by wende,
Rymenild forté ſhende;
To wyve he gan hire yerne,
The kyng ne durſt him werne,
Ant habbeth ſet the day
Fykenild to wedde the may;
Wo was Rymenild of mode,
Terres hue wepte of blode.
Thilke nyhte Horn ſuete
Con wel harde mete
Of Rymenild his make,
That into ſhipe wes take,
The ſhip gon overblenche
Is lemmon ſhulde adrenche.
Rymenild mid hire honde
Swymme wolde to londe,
Fykenild ayeyn hire pylte,
Mid his ſuerdes hylte.

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Horn awek in is bed,
Of his lemmon he wes adred;
Athulf, he ſeide, felawe,
To ſhipe nou we drawe;
Fykenild me hath gon under,
Ant do Rymenild ſum wonder.
Criſt, for his wondes fyve,
To nyhte thider us dryve!
Horn gone to ſhipe ride,
His knyhtes bi his ſide,
The ſhip bigon to ſture,
With wynd god of cure,
Ant Fykenild, her the day ſpringe,
Seide to the kynge,
After Rymenild the brhyte,
Ant ſpouſede hyre by nyhte,
He ladde hire by derke.
Into is newe werke,
The feſte hue bigonne
Er then aryſe the ſonne.
Hornes ſhip at ſtod in ſtoure,
Under Fykenildes boure,
Nuſte Horn alyve
Wher he wes aryve,

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Thene castel hue ne knewe,
For he was ſo newe.
The ſee bigon to withdrawe,
Tho ſeh Horns his ſelawe,
The ſeyre knyht Arnoldyn,
That wes Athulfes coſyn,
That ther ſet in that tyde
Kyng Horn to abyde.
He ſeide, Kyng Horn, kyngesſone,
Hider thou art welcome,
To-day hath ſire Fykenild
Yweddeth thi wif Rymenild,
White the non this while,
He haveth do the gyle;
This tour he dude make,
Al for Rymenildes ſake;
Ne may ther comen ynne
No mon with na gynne.
Horn, nou Criſt the wiſſe,
Rymenild that thou ne miſſe!
Horn couthe alle the liſtes
That eni mon of wiſte.
Harpe he gon ſhewe,
Ant tot him to ſelawe,

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Knyhtes of the beſte
That he ever hede of weſte,
Onen o the ſherte,
Hue gurden huem with ſuerde,
Hue eoden on the gravele
Towart the castele,
Hue gonne murie ſinge,
And makeden huere gleynge;
That Fykenild mihte y-here,
He axede who hit were.
Men ſeide hit were harperis,
Jogelers, ant fythelers.
Hem ne dude in lete,
At halle dore hue ſete.
Horn ſette him abenche,
Is harpe he gan clenche;
He made Rymenild a lay,
Ant hue ſeide weylaway!
Rymenild fel yſwowe,
Tho nes ther non that lowe,
Hit ſmot Horn to herte,
Sore con him ſmerte.
He lokede on is rynge,
Ant o Rymenild the yynge,

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He eode up to borde,
Mid his god ſuorde;
Fykenildes croune
He fel ther adoune,
Ant alle is menne arowe,
He dude odoun throwe,
Ant made Arnoldyn kyng there,
After kyng Aylmere,
To be kyng of Weſtneſſe,
For his mildneſſe;
The kyng ant is baronage
Yeven him truage.
Horn toc Rymenild by honde,
Ant ladde hire to ſtronde,
Ant toc with him Athelbrus,
The gode ſtiward of hire fader hous.
The ſee bigan to flowen,
Ant hy faſte to rowen,
Hue aryveden under reme
In a wel feyr ſtreme;
Kyng Mody wes kyng in that lond,
That Horn ſloh with is hond,
Athelbrus he made ther kyng,
For his gode techyng,

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For fire Hornes lore
He wes mad kyng thore.
Horn eode to ryve,
The wynd him con wel dryve,
He aryvede in Yrlonde,
Ther Horn wo couthe er fonde;
He made ther Athulf chyld
Wedde mayden Ermenyld;
Ant Horn com to Sudenne,
To is oune kenne;
Rymenild he made ther is quene,
So hit myhte bene.
In trewe love hue lyveden ay,
Ant wel hue loveden godes lay:
Nou hue beoth bothe dede,
Crift to heovene us leode!

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THE KYNG OF TARS;

AND

THE SOUDAN OF DAMMAS.

Herkneth now, bothe olde and yyng,
For Maries love, that ſwete thyng,
How a werre bigan
Bitwene a god Criſtene kyng,
And an hethene heyhe lordyng
Of Damas the ſoudan.
The kyng of Taars hedde a wyf,
The feireſte that mighte bere lyf,
That eny mon telle can;
A doughter thei hadde hem bitween,
That heore rihte heir ſcholde ben,
White ſo fether of ſwan.

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Chaaſt heo was and ſeir of chere,
With rode red ſo bloſme on brere,
Eyyen ſtepe and graye,
With lowe ſchuldres, and whyte ſwere,
Hire to ſeo was gret preyere
Of princes pert in play.
The word of hire ſprong ful wyde
Feor and ner, bi uche a ſyde,
The ſoudan herde ſay,
Him thoughte his herte wolde breke on five
Bot he mihte have hire to wyve,
That was ſo feir a may.

The ſoudan ther he ſat in halle,
He ſente his mesſagers ſaſte withalle
To hire fader the kyng,
And ſeide hou ſo hit ever bifalle,
That maide he wolde clothe in palle,
And ſpouſen hire with his ryng:
" And elles i ſwere, withouten fayle,
I ſchul hire winnen in pleyn batayle,
With mony an heih lordyng."
The mesſagers ben forth iwent,
To don heor lordes comaundement,
Withouten eny dwellyng.

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Whon the kyng this underſtood,
For wraththe neih he waxeth wood,
And ſeyde al in his ſawe,
Be hym that dyyed on the rod,
Rather wolde i ſpille my blod,
And in batayle ben ſlawe;
And al the lond that is myn,
Ar heo ſcholde wedde a Sarazyn,
The devel him er to drawe;
But heo wolle bi hire goode wille
Wend to him hireſelf to ſpille,
Hire thoughtes nouht i knawe.

That ſchul ye witen ar ye paſe.
His doughter com forth in that place,
Tofore hire fader blyve.
Doughter, he ſeide, the ſoudan of Damas
Deſyreth for to ſeo thi fas,
And have the to wyve.
Doughter woſt thou for eny treſour
Forſake Criſt ur ſaveour,
That ſoffrede woundes fyve?
The mayde onſwerde, with mylde mood,
To hire fader ther he ſtod,
Nay, lord, ſo mot i thryve.

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Jhesu, that dyyed on the treo,
Let me nevere that day isee
A tiraunt for to take.
For Marie love that mayden freo,
O god and persones threo,
Arst yif him wan and wrake.
Doughtur, he seide, beo now stille,
Thow schalt never be weddet him tille
For bost that he con make;
I schal him seende such wordes to seyn,
That al his thought schal torne to veyn,
For thou hast him forsake.

Bi theos same messagers,
That cometh from the soudan fers.
Theos wordes to him he sent:
Heo nolde not leeven on his maneers,
To god heo made hire preyers,
That lord omnipotent;
And bad him take another thought,
For hire ne scholde he wedde nouht,
For gold, selver, ne rent.
Whon the messagers this herde seyn
Soone thei tornede hem ayeyn,
And to the soudan went.

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The Soudan ſat at his des,
Iſerved of his furſte mes,
Thei comen in to the halle,
Tofore the prince proud in pres,
Heore tale thei tolden withouten lees,
And on heore knees gunne falle:
And ſeide, Sire, the kyng of Tars
Of wikked wordes nis not ſcars,
Hethene hound he doth the calle,
And er his doughter be yive the tille,
Thyn herte blod he wol ſpille,
And thi barouns alle.

Whon the ſoudan this iherde
As a wod mon he ferde,
His robe he rente adoun,
He tar the her of hed and berd,
And ſeide he wolde hir wive with ſwerd,
Beo his lord ſeynt Mahoun.
The table adoun riht he ſmot
In to the flore foot hot,
He lokede as a wylde lyon;
Al that he hitte he ſmot doun riht,
Bothe ſergaunt and kniht,
Erl and eke baroun.

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So he ferde forſothe a pliht
Al a day and al a niht,
That no mon mihti hym chaſte;
A morwen, whon hit was day-liht,
He ſent his meſſagers ful riht
After his barouns in haſte:
[That thai com to his parlement,
For to heren his jugement,
Bothe leſt and mäſt;
When the parlement was pleyner,
Tho biſpac the ſoudan fer,
And ſeyd to hem in haſt:]

Lordynges, he ſeiſh, what to rede?
Me is don a gret misdede,
Of Taars the Criſtene kyng;
I bed hem bothe lond and lede,
To have his douhter in worthli wede,
And ſpouſe hire with my ryng:
And he ſeide, withouten fayle,
Arſt he wolde me ſle in batayle,
And mony a gret lordyng;
Ac fertes he ſchal be forſwore,
Or to wrothe hele that he was bore,
Bote he hit ther to bring.

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Therfore, lordinges, i have after ow ſent,
For to come to my parliment,
To wite of yow counſayle;
And alle onſwerde, with good entent,
Thei wolde be at his comaundement
Withouten eny fayle.
And, whon thei were alle at his heſte,
The ſoudan made a wel gret feſte,
For love of his batayle;
The ſoudan gederet an oſt unryde,
With Sarazins of muchel pryde,
The kyng of Tars to aſſayle.

Whon the kyng hit herde that tyde
He ſente aboute on uche a ſyde
Alle that he mihte of ſeende;
Gret werre tho bigon to wrake,
For the mariage ne moſte be take
Of that mayden heende.
Batayle thei ſette uppon a day,
Withinne the thridde day of May,
No lengor nolde thei leende;
The ſoudan com with gret power,
With helm briht, and feir baneer,
Uppon that kyng to wende.

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The ſoudan ladde an huge oſt,
And com with muche pruyde and boſt,
With the kyng of Tars to ſihte;
With hym mony a Sarazin feer,
Alle the feldes feor and neer
Of helmes leomede lihte.
The kyng of Tars com alſo,
The ſoudan batayle for to do,
With mony a Criſtene kniht;
Eyther oſt gon othur asſayle,
Ther bigon a ſtrong batayle,
That grislych was of ſiht.

Threo hethene ayein twey Criſtene men,
And falde hem doun in the fen,
With wepnes ſtif and goode;
The ſteorne Sarazins, in that ſiht,
Slowe ur Criſtene men doun riht,
Thei fouhte as heo weore woode.
The ſoudan oſt in that ſtounde
Feolde the Criſtene to the grounde,
Mony a freoly foode;
The Sarazins withouten fayle
The Criſtene culde in that batayle,
Nas non that hem withſtode.

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Whon the kyng of Tars ſauh that ſiht,
Wodde he was for wraththe apliht,
In hond he hent a ſpere,
And to the ſoudan he rod ful riht,
With a dunt of muche miht,
Adoun he gon him bere.
The ſoudan neigh he hedde iſlawe,
But thritti thouſent of hethene lawe,
Coomen him for to were,
And broughten him ayeyn uppon his ſteede,
And holpe him wel in that nede,
Thàt no mon mihte him dere.

Whon he was brouht uppon his ſtede,
He ſpreng as ſparkle doth of glede,
For wraththe and for envye;
Alle that he hutte he made hem blede,
He ferde as he wolde a wede,
Mahoun, help! he gan crye.
Mony an helm ther was unweved,
And mony a bacinet to-cleved,
And ſadeles mony emptye;
Men mihte ſe uppon the feld
Moni a kniht ded under ſcheld,
Of the Criſtene cumpaignye.

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Whon the king of Tars ſaugh hem ſo ryde,
No lengor there he nolde abyde,
Bote fleyh to his oune citè;
The Sarazins that ilke tyde
Slough adoun bi uche a ſyde
Ur Criſtene folk ſo fre.
The Sarazins that tyme ſaunz fayle
Slowe ur Criſtene in batayle,
That reuthe hit was to ſe;
And on the morwe for heore ſake
Truwes thei gunne togidere take,
A moneth and dayes thre.

As the king of Tars ſat in his halle,
He made ful gret deol withalle,
For the folk that he hedde ilore;
His douhter com in riche palle,
On kneos heo gon biforen him falle,
And ſeide with ſyking ſore:
Fader, heo ſeide, let me beo his wyf,
That ther be no more ſtrif
Then hath ben her bifore;
For me hath be much folk ſchent,
Slawen and morthred, and to-rent
Allas, that i was bore!

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Fader, ichulle him ſerve at wille,
Erli and late, loude and ſtille,
  And leeven on god almiht;
Bote hit be ſo he wol the ſpille,
And al thi londes take hym tille,
  In batayle and in ſiht.
Certes, i nul no lengor drye
That Criſtene men ſchul for me dye,
  Thorw grace of god almiht;
Then was the kyng of Tars ful wo
Anon he onfwerde tho
  To his douhter briht.

Douhter, he ſeide, bleſsed thou be
Of god that ſit in trinite
  The tyme that thou were bore,
That thou wolt ſave thi moder and me
Thi preyere now i graunte the
  Of that thou bede before.
Fader, heo ſeide, *pur charite*,
And for Criſt in trinite,
  Blyve that ich weore thore,
Ar eny more ſerwe arere,
That ye ne my moder dere
  For me beo nought forlore.

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The kyng tho, with good entent,
In to his chaumbre hath ifent
  Aftur his qweèn ſo hende,
Whon heo was comen in preſent,
Dame, he ſeide, ur doughter hath ment
  To the ſoudan for to weende.
Dame, he ſeid, counſeyle me,
Her beoth no mo bote we thre
  Icomen of Criſtene kende.
The qween onſwerde, withouten fayle,
Therto ſchal i nevere counſayle
  Ure douhter for to ſchende.

Thenne was the doughter wo,
Merci heo criyede hire moder tho,
  With a reuthful ſtevene:
" Moder, hit nis not longe a gon
That ther wer for me ſlon
  Threo thouſent men and ſevene;
And certes i nul no lengor drye.
That Criſten men ſchul for me dye,
  Thorwgh grace of god in hevene."
Weore thei wel, weore thei wrothe,
The doughter dude overcome hem bothe
  Beo riht reſon and evene.

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Whon thei weoren thus aton
Mesſageres he ſente anon
To the proude ſoudan,
To make frendes that weore ſon,
No mo folk thei wolde ſlon,
His doughter he graunted him than.
Whon the mesſagers thus herde ſeyn
Smartliche thei tornede ayeyn,
To the ſoudan ſwart and wan;
Whon he herde heore lettres rade
Then was he bothe blithe and glad,
And murie as eny man.

And ſeide, Ichul ben at his wille,
Erly and late, loude and ſtille,
And help him at his neode;
No mo folk nul i now ſpille:
The kyng anon he ſende tille
And thonkede him of that dede.
The kyng and qwene in chaumbre were tho,
In care and ſerwe and muche wo,
In ſtori as we rede;
Wel hem was withoute les
That the ſoudan wolde make pes
With Criſten felaurede.

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This fel in mid-ſomer tyde
The ſoudan nolde no lengor byde,
To the kyng of Tars he ſent,
With Sarazins, and with muche pryde,
With mony a juwel, is nought to huyde,
To make him a preſent.
Forth thei went that ilke tyde,
To the kyng of Tars thei gan ryde,
That was bothe freo and gent;
Thei welcomed the meſſagere,
Of gret reuthe ye may here,
Whon thei to chaumbre went.

In chaumbre kyng and qwene was tho,
In ſerwe and care and muche wo,
For heore doughter hende;
Heor doughter com bifore hem go,
And bad hem bi hire counſeil do,
To ſave Criſtene kende.
The doughter ther with wordes ſtille
Brought hem bothe in beter wille,
And in to halle gunne wende,
And welcomede the meſſagers,
That come fro the ſoudan fers,
With wordes feire and hende.

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Then ſeide the qwene after than,
Hou fareth yor lord the ſoudan,
That is ſo noble a kniht?
The mesſagers onſwere gan,
He fareth as wel as eny man,
And is yor frend apliht.
The qween onſwerde, with mylde mod,
To the mesſagers ther thei ſtod,
And ſwor thenne anon riht,
Ich fouchefaf on him my blod,
To him heo nis not to good,
Thaugh heo weore ten ſo briht.

The mesſagers weore glad and blythe,
With knihtes fele and ſtedes ſtythe
Thei brouhte hire to chare;
The kyng and qwen weoren unblithe,
Heore ſorwe couthe no mon kithe,
To ſeon hire from hem fare.
Thei ſeye hit mihte non other go
The kyng and the qwene alſo
Thei cuſte heore douhter thare,
Bi taughten hire god for evermo:
Hem ſelf ayeyn thei tornede tho,
Of bliſſe thei weore al bare.

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Nou lete we of that mournyng,
And ſpeke we of that maiden ying,
To the ſoudan heo is ifare;
He com with mony an heigh lordyng
For to welcome that ſwete thing
Ther heo com in hire chare.
He cuſte hire wel mony a ſithe,
His joye couthe no mon kithe,
Awei was al hire care;
In to chaumbre heo was led,
With riche clothes heo was clede,
Hethene as thaugh heo ware.

The ſoudan ther he ſat in halle,
He comaundede his knihtes alle
That maiden for to fette;
In cloth of riche purpel palle,
And on hire hed a comeli calle,
Bi the ſoudan heo was ſette.
Unſemely was hit for to ſe
Heo that was ſo briht of ble
To habbe ſo foul a mette,
Thaugh hèo made merthe and ſolas,
The ſerwe at hire herte was,
Ne mihte no mon hit lette.

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Whon hit com to the niht,
Leve heo tok that buirde briht,
To chaumbre for to wende,
With hire wente moni an hethen kniht,
A riche bed ther was idiht
For that maiden hende.
Whon hit was al redi wrought,
The ſoudan nolde therin come nouht,
For ſo ne for frende;
But he mihte make that may
To leeven uppon his falſe lay,
That com of Criſtene kende.

Ful loth were a Criſtene mon
To ligge bi an hethene wommon,
That leevede on falſe lawe,
And as loth was thulke ſoudan
Thulke maiden for to tan,
As ich fynde in my ſawe.
The ſoudan went to bedde al preſt,
Knihtes and ladyes token heore reſt,
Folk heo gonne withdrawe;
The mayden no thing ne ſlepe,
But al niht lay and wepe
Forté that day gon dawe.

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And as heo fel a ſlepe thore
Hir thoughte ther ſtod hire bifore
An hundred houndes blake,
And borken on hire laſſe and more,
On ther was that greved hire ſore,
Awei he wolde hire take.
Ac heo ne durſte him not ſmyte,
For drede leſte he wolde hire byte,
Such maystries he gon make;
And as heo wolde awei ſle,
Hir thoughte ther ſtode develes thre,
Al brennyng as a drake.

So gryslich thei were wrought,
Uche of hem a ſwerd brought,
And mad hire afert ſo ſore;
On Jheſu Criſt was al hire thouht,
Therfore thei mihte hire harme nouht,
Nouther laſſe ne more.
Fro the fendes heo was delyvered found,
But atte laſte ther com an hound,
With brode brouwes and hore,
Almoſt he hedde hire adoun,
But, thorw Criſtes pasſioun,
Heo was iſaved thore.

Yit thouhte hire more, withoute leſyng,
As heo lay in hire ſwevenyng,
Selcouth hit is to rede,
The blake hound, that hire was folewyng,
Thorw the miht of hevene kyng,
To hire ſpac in monhede,
In whit ermure as a kniht,
And ſeide to hire, My ſwete wight,
Ne dar the no thing drede
Of Tirmagaunt ne of Mahoun,
The lord that ſoffrede pasſioun
The ſchal helpe at nede.

Whon the mayde was awaked
Hire fleſch i wis was al aquaked
For drede of hire ſwevenynge,
On hire bed heo ſat al naked,
To Jheſu Criſt hire mone heo maked,
Al mihtful hevene kynge,
As wis as he hire deore bouhte
That hire ſweuene that heo thouhte
Scholde torne to good endynge.
Whon the maiden aryſen was,
A non the ſoudan of Damas,
In to his temple he let hire bringe

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And ſeide to that ſeire may,
Thou moſt leeven uppon my lay,
And knele her adoun,
Forſake thou moſt thi falſe lay,
That thou haſt leved on mony a day,
And leeven on ſire Mahoun.
Certes, but thou wolt do ſo,
Thie fader and moder ichulle ſlo,
Bi Jovin and Plotoun;
Bi Mahoun, and bi Tirmagaunt,
No mon ſchal be heore waraunt,
Emperour ne kyng with croun.

The mayden onſwerde, with glad chere,
To the ſoudan as ye may heere,
Sire, i nul the no thing greve,
Tel me which is youre maneere,
So ſchal i make my preyere,
And on yor goddes leeve.
To Tirmagaunt ichul me take,
And Jheſu Criſt ichul forſake,
That made Adam and Eve,
And ſerve the, ſire, at thi wille,
Erli and late, loud and ſtille,
A morwe and eke an eve.

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Then was the ſoudan glad and blithe,
Mahoun he thonkede feole ſithe
That heo was ſo biknowe;
His joyes couthe no mon kithe,
He bad hire go about ſwithe,
And cuſſe his goddes arowe.
Furſt he cuſte Appolin,
Aſtrot, and ſire Jovin,
For drede of worldes awe;
In the temple whil heo was ther
Of Mahoun and Jubiter
Ther heo lernde the lawe.

Whon that heo hire lawes couthe
Heo ſeide hem openly with mouthe,
Ac Criſt foryat he nouht;
Wher heo weore bi north or ſouthe
Nas munſtral non with harpe ne crouthe
That ones mihte chaunge hire thought.
Evere wende the ſoudan niht and day,
Heo hedde ileeved on his lay,
And yit he was bicauht;
Whon heo was hire ſelf alone
To Jheſu Criſt heo made hire mone
That al this world hath wrought.

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The ſoudan for hire love that tyde
Let criye on his ſond bi uch a ſyde
A turnament to take;
The ſtrengeſt that mihte on hors ryde,
He dubbede hem with muche pryde,
And knihtes he let hem make.
Trompors gunne heore bemes blowe,
The knihtes riden out on a rowe,
On ſtedes white and blake;
Anon riht alſo ſwithe,
Stronge men gon maystries kithe
For that maidenes ſake.

The mayden and the ſoudan,
In a tour thei leyen than,
The turnament to biholde;
When the turnament bigon
Ther was ſemblet mony a mon,
Of Sarazins ſtout and bolde.
Heo leyden on as heo weore wode,
With ſwerdes and with maces goode,
Knihtes yonge and olde;
So thei foughte with egre mood,
Of heore bodies ran the blod,
In tale as hit is tolde.

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Mony an helm ther was unweved,
And bacinettes al to dreved,
And knihtes icaſt to grounde;
And ſumme pleyed of the heved,
And ſumme heore ſcolles icleved,
With ſerwe thei weore unſounde.
So laſte the turnement apliht,
Fro the morwe to the niht,
Ther yeven was moni a wounde:
A morwe the ſoudan wedded that may
In the maner of his lay,
In ſtori as hit is founde.

The ſoudan and that ladi fre,
Thei weore togeder but monethes thre,
That heo ne was grete with childe;
Heo gon to chaunge al hire bleo,
The ſoudan ſelf hit gon iſeo,
Joly he wax and wylde.
Then was the ladi ſwithe wo,
Jheſu heo biſoughte tho
From ſchome he ſcholde hire ſchilde;
And bi the fourti wikes ende,
Heo was delyvered out of beende,
Thorw help of Marie mylde.

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And whon the child was ibore
Wo was the midwyf therfore,
For lymes hedde hit non;
But as a roonde of fleſche icore
In chaumbre lay hire bifore,
Withouten blod or bon.
The ladi was wo as heo wolde dye,
Hit hedde nouther neoſe nor eiye,
But lay ſtille as a ſton;
The ſoudan com that ilke tyde,
And with his wyf he gon to chyde,
That wo was hire bigon.

" Sertes dame, i ſei the bifore,
Ayeyn my goddes thou art forſwore,
Bi riht reſon i preve;
Therfore this child that is ibore,
Lyf and lyme hit is forlore,
Thorw thi falſe byleeve.
Thou leeveſt not riht a fyn
On Astrot ne on Jovyn,
On morwe ne on eve;
On Mahoun ne on Tirmagaunt,
Therfore iloren is this luytel faunt,
No wonder thaugh me greve."

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Then the ladi was ful wo,
Anon onſwerde the ſoudan tho,
  Sire, let be thi thouht;
The child that we haye togedere two,
For thi bileeve hit fareth ſo,
  Bi him that me hath wrouht.
Tak hit up wel ſone anon,
And to yor temple therwith ye gon,
  And loke ye lette hit nouht;
And preye thi goddes alle ifeere,
As thow art hem bothe lef and dere,
  To lyve that hit beo brouht.

And yif Mahoun and Jovin con
Make hit iformed aftur mon,
  With lyf and lymes ariht;
Be him that al this world wan,
Ichul bileeve upon hem than
  That thei beoth muchel of miht;
And but thei hit conne to lyve bringe,
On hem byleeve i nul no thinge,
  Nouther bi day nor niht,
The child he tok up anon,
In to his temple he con gon
  Bifore his godes hit diht.

Uppon his auter he con hit leyn,
And heold up his hondes tweyn,
The mountaunce of fyve myle:
A, mihtful Mahoun, he gan fayn,
And Tirmagaunt fo ful of mayn,
In yow nas never gyle;
Astrot and fire Jovin,
Tirmagaunt and Appolin,
Now help in this peryle!
Ofte he criyede, and ofte he ros,
So longe that he wox al hos,
And al he lofte his while.

Whon he hedde altogedere ipreyd,
And al that evere he couthe ifeyd,
Hit lay as ftille as fton;
He fturte him up in a breyd,
In his herte fore atrayyed,
For boote com ther non.
Uppon his child he gan to calle,
Ne holpe him nought his goddes alle,
Wel wo was him bigon;
On Tirmagaunt he gon to grede,
"On yow nas never help at nede,
Fy on ow everichon!"

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He hente a ſtaf with herte grete,
And al his goddes he gan to bete,
And drouh hem alle adoun,
And leyde on til that he con ſwete,
With ſterne ſtrokes and with grete,
On Jovyn and Plotoun;
On Astrot and ſire Jovin,
On Tirmagaunt and Appolin,
He brak hem ſcolle and croun;
On Tirmagaunt, that was heore brother,
He lafte no lyme hole with other,
Ne on his lord ſeynt Mahoun.

Whon thei weore bete ful good won,
The child lay ſtille as eny ſton
Uppon his auteere;
The child he tok up ſone anon,
In to his chaumbre he gan gon,
And ſeide, Dame, have hit here:
Ichave i don al that i con
To don hit formen after mon,
With beodes and with preyere;
To alle my goddes ich have biſouht,
Non of hem con helpe hit nouht;
The devel ſet hem on fuyre!

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Then onſwerde that gode womman,
To hire lord the ſoudan,
Sire, ich the biſeche
The beſte red that ich con,
Be him that this world won,
To don as i the teche.
Thou haſt aſsayed goddes thyn,
Wolte that ich aſaye myn,
Whether be better leche?
And leove, ſire, trouwe on this,
And leef on hym that ſtrengor is,
For doute of more wrecche.

Then onſwerde the ſoudan thor,
In his herte he was ful ſor,
To ſeo that celli ſiht;
Dame, ichulle don after thi lore,
Yif that i may ſeo bifore,
That thi god beo of ſuch miht.
With eny ſtrengthe that i con,
Yif he conforme hit after mon,
With lyf and limes ariht,
Mi falſe goddes ichul forſake,
To Jheſu Criſt thenne ichul me take,
As ich am a trewe kniht.

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Glad was thenne that gode womman
That hire lord the ſoudan
  Hath grauntede hire preiyere,
And that he wolde beo Criſtene man,
Heo thonketh him that this world bigan,
  And Marie his moder dere.
Nou, lordinges, herkneth a muri pas
Hou this child icriſtned was,
  And hath limes hol and feere;
And hou the ſoudan of Damas
Was icriſtnet in that cas,
  Luſtneth, and ye ſchul here.

The ladi ſeide in that ſtounde,
Sire, ye have in priſun bounde
  Mony a Criſtene man;
Let ſeche bi lofte and bi grounde,
Yif eny Criſtene priſoun mighte be founde,
  And bringe biſore me than:
And ye ſchul ſeo er to morwe non
What my god ſymſelf con don
  More then thi maumetes can.
The priſouns were anon iſouht,
A Criſtene preſt then forth was brouht,
  Be heſte of that ſoudan.

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Adoun he fel uppon his kne,
And feire he grette that ladi fre,
And ſeide with ſikynges ſore;
And ſeide, Dame, iblesſet ye be
Of god that ſit in trinitè,
The tyme that ye weore bore.
The ladi ſeide, Art thou a preſt,
Beleeveſt thou on Jheſu Criſt,
Conſt thou of Criſtes lore?
The preſt onſwerde ſoone anon,
In verbo dei ich was on,
Ten winter ſeththe and more.

Fyve yer hit is agon,
That i ne ſong maſſe non,
Hit liketh me ful ille;
So long i wis hit is agon,
I have ilived in priſon of ſton,
With wrong and muchel unſkille.
The ladi ſeide, let beo thi fare,
Thou ſchalt be brought out of thi care,
Yif thou conſt holde the ſtille;
Thorw thin help and myn this ſtoundes,
We ſchul make Criſtene of hethene houndes;
God graunte yif hit be his wille.

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Heo ſeide, Icham the ſoudans wyf,
Thou moſt do ſtille withouten ſtryf,
  Al in privitè;
Her is a child ſelcouth diſcrif,
Hit nath nouther lyme ne lyf,
  Ne eyen for to ſe.
Holy water thou moſt make,
And that wrecche thou moſt take,
  For the love of me;
And criſtne hit withouten blame,
And nempne hit in the fader name,
  That ſitteth in trinitè.

On him is al myn help apliht,
That ilke lord ful of miht,
  Of ſerwe he may me ſlake;
Yif hit were icriſtnet ariht,
Hit ſcholde ha forme to ſeo with ſiht,
  With lyf and limes to wake.
The ladi bad hire maydens anon,
Out of hire chaumbre forté gon,
  For dreds of wriyying ſake;
The preſt anon in that tyde,
In feir veſſel him byſyde,
  Holi water gon make.

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In mid-ſomer tyde this was done,
In worſchupe of Criſt in trone,
As i ow telle may;
The preſt tok the child anon,
And nempne hit to hote Jon,
In worſchipe of that day.
Whon hit was criſtned thorw grace,
Hit hedde bothe lymes and face,
And cryede with gret deray,
Huyde and heuh, bon and fel,
And everi lyme, ſoth to tel,
In ſtori as ich ow ſay.

Feirore child miht non be bore,
Hit hedde never a lyme ilore,
Wel ſchapen hit was withalle;
The preſt no lengor dwelled thore,
But yeode and tolde the ſoudan fore,
As he ſat in his halle.
The ladi lay in hire bed,
With riche clothes beſpred,
Of gold and purpre palle,
The chyld heo tok up as blyve,
And thonked ur ladi with joyes fyve,
The miracle that ther was falle.

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Lord, heo ſeide, i preye to the,
Almihti god in trinitè,
Nou yef me miht and ſpace,
That i mote that day iſe
That my lord icriſtnet be,
The ſoudan of Damace.
The ſoudan com in that was ſo blak,
The child heo ſchewed him alſo ſpak,
With lyf and limes and face.
Heo ſeide, Mahoun ne Appolin,
Were not worth the brustel of a ſwyn,
Ayeynes my lordes grace.

Then ſeide the ſoudan, Lemmon myn,
Icham nou glad wel a fyn,
Mai ne mon blithur be.
Ye, fire, heo ſeide, be ſeint Katerin,
Yif haluendel the child were thyn
Then miht ye gladnes ſe.
Dame, he ſeide, hou is that?
Nis hit not myn that ich biyat?
No, fire, i wis, ſeith heo,
But thou weore criſtne as hit is,
Thou naſt no part therof i wis,
Nouther of child ne of me.

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But yif thou criſtne wol let the make,
More drede and more wrake
The while thou art alyve;
For yif thou were a Criſtene man,
Then were hit thin that thou wan,
Thi child and eke thi wyve:
And whon thou art ded thou ſchalt wende
To joye that laſteth withouten ende,
May no mon hit diſcryve.
Dame, ſeith the ſoudan, beo nou ſtille,
Ichul ben at thin owne wille,
And ben icriſtned blyve.

Mi maumetrie ichul forſake,
And criſtendom ichul take,
Withinne this thridde day:
No more folk diſtruye i nil,
I preye that preſt to come me til
To teche me Criſtene lay.
Priveliche that hit be,
That no mon wite bote we thre,
As ferforth as ye may;
Yif eny hit wriſte heigh or lowe,
Icholde be brent and don of dowe,
Yif i forſoke my lay.

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The preſt anon com after than,
And ſeide to the ſoudan,
  Sire, now icham here,
With al the miht that i con,
To helpe make the a Criſtene mon,
  And godes lawe to lere.
His hond uppon his breſte he leide,
In verbo dei he ſwor and ſeide,
  To you bothe ifeere;
Trewe and truſti ichul be
To al that evere falleth for me,
  And helpe at my powere.

A morwe, whon the preſt awaketh,
A feir veſſel to him he taketh,
  With watur cler and colde;
Anon riht for the ſoudan ſake
His preyers he gon to make,
  To him that Judas ſolde;
And to Marie his moder dere,
That the ſoudan criſtned were,
  That was ſo breme and bolde;
And yef him miht and ſpace
Thorw his vertu and his grace
  His criſtendam wel to holde.

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A morwe, as ſone as hit was day,
The ſoudan in his bed lay,
And up he gan to riſe;
He clepede the preſt, and gon to ſay,
Dihte the redi that thou may
That ſchal to my ſervyſe.
The preſt onſwerde anon tho,
Ichave al redi that ſchal therto,
Al redi in alle wyſe.
The ſoudan dihte him naked anon,
In to the watur he con gon,
And reſeyvede the baptiſe.

The preſte hihte ſire Cleophas,
And nempnede ſo the ſoudan of Damas,
After his owne name;
His colour that lodlich and blak was,
Hit bi com ſeir thorw godes gras,
And cler withoute blame.
Whon the ſoudan hedde therof a ſiht,
That god was of ſo muche miht,
His care was tornd to game;
Whon the preſt hedde al iſeid,
And holy watur on hym leyd,
To chaumbre thei wenten in ſame.

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He com ther the ladi lay,
Certes, dame, he gon to ſay,
  Thi god is good and trewe.
The ladi that ilke day
Wepte with hire eyen gray,
  Unnethe hire lord heo knewe.
But wel heo wuſte in hire thouht
On Mahoun he leevede nouht,
  Bi chaungynge of his hewe,
And for that he was criſtnet ſo
Al awei was hire wo,
  Hire joye wox al newe.

Sire, heo ſeide, *pur charité*,
Sent this preſt in privitè,
  To my fader the kyng,
And bide him for the love of me,
That he come hider to the,
  With al that he may bring:
And whon that he is hider icome,
He criſtene the lond al and ſome,
  Bothe olde and ying,
And hoſe nil not criſtned be
Hong hem heighe uppon a tre,
  Withouten eny dwellyng.

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The ſoudan tok the preſt bi the honde,
And bad him go and nothing wonde,
To the kyng of Tars ful yare,
" And do him to underſtonde,
That icham thorw godes ſonde
Ibrouht al out of care.
Bid him com hider with his oſt,
Priveliche withouten boſt,
For no thyng that he ne ſpare."
Forth the preſt is iwent,
To don the lordes comaundement,
To Tars then is he fare.

Forth wente ſir Cleophas,
To the court thorw godes gras,
Withouten eny dwellyng,
Tolde the kyng al the cas;
Hou the child ded-boren was,
A misforſchapen thing;
And thorw the preyere of his wyf
Hit hedde bothe lyme and lyf,
In the watur of his criſtenyng;
And hou the proude ſoudan
Was bicome a Criſtene man,
Thorw miht of hevene kyng.

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He radde the lettres that he brouht,
In the lettre hit was iwrouht,
As ich ou telle may,
He badde hym come and lette nouht,
With al the pouwer that he mouht,
Uppon a ſterteyn day.
"Priveliche with thin oſt,
Thou ſcholdeſt come withoute boſt,
And ſerche uché cuntray,
And hoſe wole not criſtnet be
Scholde be honged on a tre,
Withouten eny delay."

A gladdor mon mighte not ben,
He clepte his barouns and his qwen,
And tolde hem in his ſawe,
The ſoudan, that was ſtout and kene,
Criſtnet was withouten wene,
And leevede on Criſtes lawe.
And to me hath iſent his ſonde,
He wol criſtene al his londe,
Yif he mihte wel fawe;
Ho nil not come to criſtenyng,
Weore he never ſo heigh lordyng,
He ſcholde be to-drawe.

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Therfore, lordynges, out-riht,
Duik, erl, baroun, and kniht,
Let yor folk out beode,
And whon that ye beth redi diht,
With helm on hed and brunye briht,
Help me wel at neode.
The kyng of Tars, that ilke tyde,
Sente aboute bi uche a syde,
To knihtes douhti in dede;
The kyng dihte him for to wende,
With sixti thousend knihtes hende,
This was a feir felawrede.

Forth he went, withouten let,
The same day that he hedde set,
To the soudan wel yare;
Whon thei were togeder imet,
A muri gretyng ther was gret,
Of lordes that ther ware.
A semely siht was to se
The ladi falde doun on kne
Bifore hire sader thare;
Ther was joye, pité also,
Whon heo tolde of weole and wo,
Of auntres that weore fare.

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The ſoudan ther he ſat in halle,
He cleped his knihtes biforen him alle,
And al his oune meynè,
Bi heore name he gan hem callè,
Lordynges, what ſo ever bifalle,
Icriſtened ye ſchul be.
For ichave Mahoun forſake,
To Jheſu Criſt ich have me take,
And ſertes ſo ſchul ye;
And hoſé wol not ſo don,
He ſchal ben honged ſwithe ſon,
Be him that dyyed on tre.

Whon the ſoudan hedde thus told,
Ther was mony a Sarazin bold,
That with the ſoudan were,
Summe ſeide that thei wolde,
And ſumme ſeide that thei nolde,
Be criſtened in none manere.
And hoſé wolde heré maumetes forſake,
Criſtene men let hem take,
And weore hem lef and dere;
And ho that nolde do bi heore red,
Criſten men tak of heore hed,
Faſte bi the ſwere.

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The ſoudan had in his priſon riht,
Thritti thouſend priſons apliht,
Of mony an uncouth theode,
Thei that were ſtronge and wiht,
He delyverede hem anon riht,
And armed hem upon ſtede:
And thei that mihte not ſo do,
He yaf hem mete and drynk alſo,
And al that hem was nede;
Men mihte ſeo in that court than
Moni a blythe Criſtene man,
In ſtori as we rede.

Anon riht in that ille tyde,
Thorw out his lond on uche a ſyde,
This word wel wyde ſprong,
Thei ſente aboute fer and nerre,
Uppon the ſoudan for to werre,
And ſeiden for that wrong,
Bi Mahoun and Tirmagaunt,
No mon ſchal be heore warant,
Weore thei never ſo ſtronge;
Bothe ſoudan and kyng,
And al that hem was folewyng,
The dethe thei ſcholde afonge.

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Fyf kynges were of heigh parayle,
Uppon the ſoudan thei beode bataile,
That ſtrong and douhti were;
Hou the ſoudan hem gon aſayle,
And what thei hihte without fayle,
Luſtneth, and ye mouwe here.
The kyng Kenedok and kyng Leſyas,
Kyng Merkel, and kyng Cleomadas,
Kyng Menbrok was heore fere,
Theos fyf kynges forth bewent,
Moni a mon thei ſlowe and ſchent,
With ſtrengthe and gret pouwere.

Uppon a day the kyng and the ſoudan
An hard batayle thei bigan,
Uppon this kynges fyve,
Ayeynes o Criſtene man,
Ten hethene houndes were ther than,
Of Sarazins ſtoute and ſtythe.
Herkeneth now, bothe olde and ying,
Hou the ſoudan and the kyng
Among hem gunne to dryve,
And hou the Sarazins that day
Hopped hedles for heore pray,
I ſchal ow telle as blyve.

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The Criſtene ſoudan that tyde
Tok a ſpere and gon to ryde,
Ayeyn Kenedok ſo kene,
The kyng, that was ſo ful of pryde,
His ſpere he lette to hym glyde,
To wite withouten wene.
So harde togidere thei riden thare,
Bothe the ſperes that thei bare
Borſten hem bitwene,
The ſoudan drou his ſwerd ful good,
The kynges hed with the hod
He ſtrek of quit and clene.

Kyng Leſyas of Taborie
To the ſoudan hedde envye,
For Kendok kyng was ſlawe;
He toke a ſpere, withoute lye,
Ayeyn the ſoudan he gan hyghe,
And wolde hym ſle ful ſawe.
The kyng of Tars bitwene hem rod,
And Leſyas ſtreok he abod,
As i ſynde in my ſawe;
He ſmot him ſo on the ſcheld
That hit fley into the feld,
Adoun he hath hym drawe.

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He leop to horſe, and gone to ryde,
And ſlough a doun bi uche a ſyde,
Alle that he bifore him founde;
And alle that ever he hutte that tyde,
Weore he never ſo proud in pryde,
He yaf hem dethes wounde.
The kyng of Tars with his ſpere
Thorw the bodi he gon hym bere,
And falde him ded to grounde;
The Sarazins nomen up a cri,
Now, Mahoun, ful of merci,
Help now in this ſtounde!

Kyng Merkel was ful wo,
To fihten anon he was ful thro,
A ſpere in honde he hent,
He priked his ſtede and let him go,
The kyng of Tars he thoughte to ſlo,
Er he thennes went.
He ſmot the kyng that ilke tyde
Thorw his hauberk in the ſyde,
That neih he hedde be ſchent;
The kyng of Tars out of his ſadel fel,
The blod out of his wounde wel,
Mony mon hit bi ment.

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Whon the ſoudan ſaugh his blod,
For wraththe he thoughte he was neih wod,
And gon to prike with mayn,
He and al his felawrede
Brought hem ayein uppon his ſtede,
And halp him up ayayn.
Whon he was on his ſtede ibrouht,
Al that he hutte and arauht,
He clef hem in to brayn:
Kyng Merkel ayeyn him went,
And yaf hym ſuch a nother dunt,
That neih he hadde hym ſlayn.

Whon the ſoudan ſaugh that ſiht,
Wod for wraththe he was apliht,
And rod to the kyng Merkel,
And ſmot him ſo on the ſcheld,
That he fel in to the feld,
Among that houndes fel:
The kyng of Tars in that ſtounde
Hath ſpyt of that hethene hounde,
That er hedde foughte ſo wel;
He ſwor, be him that tholede wounde,
That hethene dogge ſchal to grounde,
Be the help of ſeint Michel.

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I nul not dyyen in his dette,
A ſtrok on hym ichul biſette,
Beo he never ſo bolde;
Ur ladi with an avé he grette,
That no mon ſcholde hym lette,
The feendes ſtrengthe to ſolde.
He rod to hym anon riht,
With a dunt of muche miht,
In ſtori as hit is tolde;
He hutte him on the helm on hiht,
Into the brayn thorw bacinet briht,
Thus is his ſervyſe yolde.

Kyng Membrok was in gret payn
Whon he ſaugh thus his ſelawes ſlayn,
And in the feld to drevet,
He priked his hors with miht and mayn,
And fleigh a weiward on that playn,
For to huyden his heved.
The Criſtene ſoudan in that tyde
Aftur him he gan to ryde,
For no thing he ne leved,
And ſmot him ſo fer al his ſchelde
As he fleyh in that feld,
Quitliche of his heved.

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Thus the ladi with hire lore
Broughte hire frendes out of ſore,
  Thorw Jheſu Criſtes grace;
Al the while that thei weore thare,
The joye that was among hem yare,
  No mon may telle the ſpace.
Whon thei weore out of world iwent,
Bifore god omnipotent,
  Hem was diht a place.
Now Jheſu, that is ful of miht,
Graunt us alle in hevene liht
  To ſeo thi ſwete face!

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EMARE.

Jhesu, that ys kyng in trone,
As thou ſhoope bothe ſonne and mone,
And all that ſhall dele and dyghte,
Now lene us grace ſuch dedes to done,
In thy blys that we may wone,
Men calle hit heven lyghte;
And thy moder, Mary, hevyn qwene,
Bere our arunde ſo bytwene,
That ſemely ys of ſyght,
To thy ſone that ys ſo fre,
In heven with hym that we may be,
That lord ys moſt of myght.

Menſtrelles, that walken fer and wyde,
Her and ther in every a ſyde,

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In mony a dyverſe londe,
Sholde, at her bygynnyng,
Speke of that ryhtwes kyng,
That made both ſee and ſonde.
Whoſo wyll a ſtounde dwelle,
Of mykyll myrght y may you telle,
And mornyng ther amonge,
Of a lady fayr and fre,
Her name was called Emare,
As i here ſynge in ſonge.

Her fadyr was an emperour,
Of castell, and of ryche towre,
Syr Artyus was hys nome;
He hadde bothe hallys and bowrys,
Frythes fayr, foreſtes with flowrys,
So gret a lord was none.
Weddedde he had a lady,
That was both fayr and ſemely,
Whyte as whalës bone,
Dame Erayne hette that emperes,
She was full of love and goodneſſe,
So curtays lady was none.

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Syr Artyus was the beſt manne
In the worlde that lyvede thanne,
Both hardy and therto wyght,
He was curtays in all thyng,
Bothe to olde and to yynge,
And well kowth dele and dyght.
He hadde but on chyld in his lyve,
Begeten on his weddedde wyfe,
And that was fayr and bryght;
For ſothe, as y may telle the,
They called that chyld Emare,
That ſemely was of ſyght.

When ſhe was of her moder born,
She was the fayreſt creature borne,
That yn the lond was thoo,
The emperes, that fayr ladye,
Fro her lord gan ſhe dye,
Or hyt kowthe ſpeke or goo.
The chyld, that was fayr and gent,
To a lady was hyt ſente,
That men called Abro,
She thawghth hit curteſye and thewe,
Golde and ſylke for to ſewe,
Amonge maydenes moo.

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Abro tawghte thys mayden ſmall,
Nortour that men uſedenn in ſale,
Whyle ſhe was in her bowre;
She was curtays in all thynge,
Bothe to old and to yynge,
And whythe as lylye flowre;
Of her hondes ſhe was ſlye,
All he loved that her ſye,
Wyth menſke and mychyl honour.
At the maydene leve we,
And at the lady fayr and fre;
And ſpeke we of the emperour.

The emperour, of gentyll blode,
Was a curteys lorde and a gode,
In all maner of thynge,
Aftur when his wyf was dede,
And ledde his lyf yn weddewede,
And myche loved playnge.
Sone aftur yn a whyle,
The ryche kynge of Ceſyle
To the emperour gann wende,
A ryche preſent wyth hym he browght,
A cloth that was wordylye wroght,
He wellcomed hym as the hende.

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Syr Tergaunte, that nobyll knyght hyghte,
He preſented the emperour ryght,
And ſette hym on hys kne,
Wyth that cloth rychyly dyght,
Full of ſtones ther hit was pyght,
As thykke as hit myght be,
Off topaze and rubyes,
And other ſtones of myche prys,
That ſemely wer to ſe,
Of crapowtes and nakette,
As thykke ar they ſette,
For ſothe as y ſay the.

The cloth was displayed ſone,
The emperoer lokede therupone,
And myght hyt not ſe,
For glysteryng of the ryche ſton
Redy ſyght had he non,
And ſayde, How may thys be?
The emperour ſayde on hygh,
Sertes thys ys a fayry,
Or ellys a vanytè.
The kyng of Cyſyle anſwered than,
So ryche a jwell ys ther non
In all Cryſtyante.

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The amerayle dowghter of hethennes
Made this cloth withouten lees,
And wrowghte hit all with pride,
And purtreyed hyt with gret honour,
Wyth ryche golde and aſowr,
And ſtones on ylke a ſyde;
And, as the ſtory telles in honde,
The ſtones that yn this cloth ſtonde
Sowghte they wer full wyde,
Seven wynter hit was yn makynge,
Or hit was browght to endynge,
In herte ys not to hyde.

In that on korner made was
Idoyne and Amadas,
With love that was ſo trewe,
For they loveden hem wit honour,
Portrayed they wer with trewe-love flour,
Of ſtones bryght of hewe,
Wyth carbunkull and ſafere,
Kaſydonys and onyx ſo clere,
Sette in golde newé,
Deamondes and rubyes,
And other ſtones of mychyll pryſe,
And menſtrellys with her gle.

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In that other corner was dyght,
Trystram and Iſowde ſo bryght,
That ſemely wer to ſe,
And for they loved hem ryght,
As full of ſtones ar they dyght,
As thykke as they may be,
Of topaſe and of rubyes,
And other ſtones of myche pryſe,
That ſemely wer to ſe,
Wyth crapawtes and nakette,
Thykke of ſtones ar they ſette,
For ſothe as y ſay the.

In the thrydde korner, with gret honour,
Was Florys and dam Blawncheflour,
As love was hem betwene,
For they loved wyth honour,
Purtrayed they wer with trewe-love-flower,
With ſtones bryght and ſhene.
Ther wer knyghtes and ſenatowres,
Emerawdes of gret vertues,
To wyte withouten wene,
Deamondes and koralle,
Perydotes and crystall,
And gode garnettes bytwene.

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In the fowrthe korner was oon
Of Babylone the ſowdan ſonne,
The amerayles dowghtyr hym by,
For his ſake the cloth was wrowght,
She loved hym in hert and thowght,
As teſtymoyeth thys ſtorye.
The fayr mayden her byforn
Was portrayed an unykorn,
With hys horn ſo hye,
Flowres and bryddes on ylke a ſyde,
With ſtones that wer ſowght wyde,
Stuffed wyth ymagerye.

When the cloth to ende was wrowght,
To the ſowdan ſone hit was browght,
That ſemely was of ſyghte:
"My fadyr was a nobyll man,
Of the ſowdan he hit wan,
Wyth maystrye and myghth;
For gret love he yaf hyt me,
I brynge hit the in ſpecyalte,
Thys cloth ys rychely dyght."
He yaf hit the emperour,
He receyved hit with gret honour,
And thonkede hym fayr and ryght.

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The kyng of Ceſyle dwelled ther
As long as his wyll wer,
With the emperour for to play,
And when he wolde wende,
He toke his leve at the hende,
And wente forth on hys way.
Now Remeneth this nobyll kyng,
The emperour after his dowghter hadde longyng,
To ſpeke with that may,
Meſſengeres forth he ſent
Aftyr the mayde fayre and gent,
That was bryght as ſomeres day.

Meſſengeres dyghte hem in hye,
With myche myrthe and melodye,
Forth gon they fare,
Both by ſtretes and by ſtye,
After that fayr lady,
Was godely unther gare.
Her noryſſe, that hyghte Abro,
With her ſhe goth forth alſo,
And wer ſette in a chare,
To the emperour gan the go,
He come ayeyn hem a myle or two,
A fayr metyng was there.

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The mayden, whyte as lylye flour,
Lyghte ayeyn her fadyr, the emperour,
Two knyghtes gan her lede.
Her fadyr, that was of gret renowne,
That of golde wered the crowne,
Lyghte of hys ſtede;
When they wer bothe on her fete,
He klypped her ond kyſsed her ſwete,
And bothe on fote they yede,
They wer glad and made good chere,
To the palys they yede in fere,
In romans as we rede.

Then the lordes that wer grete,
They weſh and feten doun to mete,
And folk hem ſerved ſwyde,
The mayden, that was of ſembelant ſwete,
Byfore her owene ſadur fete,
The fayreſt wommon on lyfe.
That all his hert and alle his thowghth,
Her to love was yn browght,
He byhelde her ofte ſythe,
So he was anamored his thowghter tyll,
With her he thowghth to worche his wyll,
And wedde her to hys wyfe.

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And when the mete-whyle was doun,
Into hys chambur he wente foun,
  And called his counfeyle nere,
He bad they fhulde fone go and come,
And gete leve of the pope of Rome,
  To wedde that mayden clere.
Mesfengeres forth they wente,
They durft not breke his commandement,
  And erles with hem yn fere,
They wente to the courte of Rome,
And browghte the popus bullus fone,
  To wedde his dowghter dere.

Then was the emperour gladde and blythe,
And lette fhape a robe fwythe,
  Of that cloth of golde,
And when hit was don her upon,
She femed non erthely wommon,
  That marked was of molde.
Then feyde the emperour fo fre,
Dowghtyr, y woll wedde the,
  Thow art fo freth to beholde.
Then fayde that wordy unther wede,
Nay, fyr, god of heven hit forbede,
  That ever do fo we fhulde!

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Yyf hit ſo betydde that ye me wedde,
And we ſhulde play togeder in bedde,
Bothe we were forlorne;
The worde ſhulde ſprynge fer and wyde,
In all the worlde on every ſyde,
The worde ſhulde be borne.
Ye ben a lorde of gret pryce,
Lorde, lette never ſuche ſorow aryce,
Take god you beforne;
That my fader ſhulde wedde me,
God forbede that i hyt ſo ſe,
That wered the crowne of thorne!

The emperour was ryght wrothe,
And ſwore many a gret othe,
That deed ſhulde ſhe be;
He lette make a nobull boot,
And dede her theryn god wote,
In the robe of nobull ble.
She moſte have with her no ſpendyng,
Nother mete ne drynke [givyng],
But ſhote her yn to the ſe;
Now the lady dwelled thore,
Wythowte anker or ore,
And that was gret pytè.

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Ther come a wynd, y untherſtonde,
And blewe the boot fro the londe,
Of her they loſt the ſyght,
The emperour hym bethowght,
That he hadde all myswrowht,
And was a ſory knyghte.
And as he ſtode yn ſtudyÿnge,
He fell down in ſowenynge,
To the yrthe was he dyght;
Grete lordes ſtode therby,
And toke up the emperour haſtyly,
And conforted hym fayr and ryght.

When he of ſownyng kovered was,
Sore he wepte and ſayde, Alas,
For my dowhter dere!
Alas, that y was made man,
Wrecched kaytyf that i hit am!
The teres ronne by his lere.
I wrawght ayeyn goddes lay,
To her that was ſo trewe of fay:
Alas, why ner ſhe here!
The teres laſſhed out of his yyen,
The grete lordes that hit ſyyen,
Wepte and made yll chere.

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Ther was nother olde ny yynge,
That kowthe ſtynte of wepynge,
For that comely unther kelle,
Into ſhypys faſte gan they thrynge,
For to ſeke that mayden yynge,
That was ſo fayr of fleſh and fell;
They her ſowght over all yn the ſee,
And myghte not fynde that lady fre,
Ayeyn they come full ſnell.
At the emperour now leve we,
And of the lady yn the ſee,
I ſhall begynne to tell.

The lady fleted forth alone,
To god of heven ſhe made her mone,
And to hys modyr alſo;
She was dryven with wynde and rayn,
With ſtronge ſtormes her agayn,
Of the water ſo blo.
As y have herd menſtrelles ſyng yn ſawe,
Hows ny lond myghth ſhe non knawe,
Aferd ſhe was to go,
She was ſo dryven fro wawe to wawe,
She hyd her hede and lay full lawe,
For watyr ſhe was full woo.

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Now this lady dwelled thore
A good ſeven nyghth and more,
As hit was goddys wylle,
With carefull herte, and ſykyng ſore,
Such ſorow was here yarked yore,
And ever lay ſhe ſtyll.
She was dryven ynto a lond,
Thorow the grace of goddes ſond,
That all thyng may fulfylle,
She was on the ſee ſo harde beſtadde,
For hunger and thurſte almoſt madde,
Woo worth wederes yll!

She was dryven into a lond,
That hyghth Galys, y untherſtond,
That was a fayr cuntre,
The kynges ſteward dwelled ther byſyde,
In a kaſtell of mykyll pryde,
Syr Kadore hyght he.
Every day wolde he go,
And take with hym a ſqwyer or two,
And play hym by the ſee;
On a tyme he toke the eyr,
With two knyghtes gode and fayr,
The wedur was lythe of le.

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A boot he fond by the brym,
And a glysteryng thyng theryn,
Therof they had ferly,
They went forth on the ſond,
To the boot i untherſtond,
And fond theryn that lady.
She hadde ſo longe meteles be,
That hym thowht gret dele to ſe,
She was in poyn to dye.
They aſkede her what was her name,
She chaunged hit ther anone,
And ſayde ſhe hette Egare.

Syr Kadore hadde gret pytè,
He toke up the lady of the ſee,
And hom gan he lede;
She hadde ſo longe meteles be,
She was wax lene as a tre,
That wordy unther wede.
Into hys castell when ſhe came,
Into a chawmbyr they her namm,
And fayr they gann her fede,
Wyth all delycyus mete and drynke,
That they myghth hem on thynke,
That was yn all that ſtede.

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When that lady, fayr of face,
With mete and drynke kevered was,
And had colour agayne,
She tawghte hem to ſewe and marke
All maner of ſylkyn werke,
Of her they wer full fayne.
She was curteys yn all thyng,
Bothe to olde and to yynge,
I ſay yow for certeyne;
She kowthe werke all maner thyng,
That fell to emperour or to kyng,
Erle, barown, or ſwayne.

Syr Kadore lette make a feſte,
That was fayr and honeſte,
Wyth hys lorde the kynge,
Ther was myche menſtralſè,
Trompus, tabors, and ſawtrè,
Bothe harpe and fydyllyng.
The lady, that was gèntyll and ſmall,
In kurtull alone ſerved yn hall,
Byfore that nobull kyng,
The cloth upon her ſhone ſo bryghth,
When ſhe was theryn ydyghth,
She ſemed non erdly thyng.

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The kyng loked her upon,
So fayr a lady he fygh never non,
His herte fhe hadde yn wolde,
He was fo anamered of that fyghth,
Of the mete non he myghth,
But faſte gan her beholde;
She was fo fayr and gent,
The kynges love on her was lent,
In tale as hyt ys tolde;
And when the mete whyle was doun,
In to the chamber he wente foun,
And called his barouns bolde.

Fyrſt he called fyr Kadore,
And other knyghtes that ther wore,
Haſtely come hym tyll,
Dukes and erles, wyfe of lore,
Haſtely come the kyng before,
And aſkede what was his wyll.
Then fpakke the ryche yn ray,
To fyr Kadore gan he fay,
Wordes fayr and ſtylle:
Syr, whenns ys that lovely may,
That yn the halle ſerved this day?
Tell me yyf hyt be thy wyll.

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Then ſayde ſyr Kadore, Y untherſtonde,
Hyt ys an erles thowghter of ferre londe,
That ſemely ys to ſene,
I ſente after her, certeynlye,
To teche my chylderen curteſye,
In chambur wyth hem to bene.
She ys the konnyngeſt wommon,
I trowe that be yn Cryſtendom,
Of werk that y have ſene.
Then ſayde that ryche raye,
I wyll have that fayr may,
And wedde her to my quene.

The nobull kyng, verament,
After his modyr he ſent,
To wyte what ſhe wolde ſay.
They browght forth haſtely
That fayr mayde Egarye,
She was bryghth as ſomeres day,
The cloth on her ſhon ſo bryght,
When ſhe was theryn dyght,
And her ſelf a gentell may.
The olde qwene ſayde anon,
I ſawe never wommon
Halvendell ſo gay.

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The old quene ſpakke wordes unhende,
And ſayde, Sone, thys ys a fende,
In this wordy wede,
As thou loveſt my bleſsynge,
Make thou never this weddynge,
Cryſt hit de forbede!
Then ſpakke the ryche ray,
Modyr, y wyll have this may,
And forth gan her lede.
The olde quene, for certayne,
Turnede with ire hom agayne,
And wolde not be at that dede.

The kyng wedded that lady bryght,
Grete purvyance ther was dyghth,
In that ſemely ſale,
Grete lordes wer ſerved aryght,
Duke, erle, baron and knyghth,
Both of grete and ſmale.
Myche folke for ſothe ther was,
And therto an huge preſe,
As hit ys tolde in tale,
Ther was all maner thyng,
That fell to a kynges weddyng,
And mony a ryche menſtrall.

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When the mangery was done,
Grete lordes departed ſone,
That ſemely were to ſee,
The kynge be lafte with the qwene,
Moch love was hem betwene,
And alſo game and gle;
She was curteys and ſwete,
Such a lady herde y never of yete;
They loved both with herte fre.
The lady that was both meke and mylde,
Conceyved and wente with chylde,
As god wolde hit ſholde be.

The kyng of France, yn that tyme,
Was beſette with many a Sarezyne,
And cumbered all in tene;
And ſente after the kyng of Galys,
And other lordys of myche prys,
That ſemely were to ſene.
The kyng of Galys, in that tyde,
Gedered men on every ſyde,
In armour bryght and ſhene;
Then ſayde the kyng to ſyr Kadore,
And other lordes that ther wore,
Take good hede to my qwene,

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The kyng of Fraunce ſpared none,
But ſent for hem everychone,
Both kyng, knyghth, and clerke;
The ſtiward, bylaft at home,
To kepe the qwene whyte as ſome,
He com not at that werke.
She wente with chylde, yn place,
As longe as goddes wyll was,
That ſemely unther ſerke;
Thyll ther was of her body
A fayr chyld borne, and a godele,
Hadde a dowbyll kynges marke.

They hit cryſtened with grete honour,
And called hym Segramour,
Frely was that fode;
Then the ſteward ſyr Kadore,
A nobull letter made he thore,
And wrowghte hit all with gode.
He wrowghte hit yn hyghynge,
And ſente hit to his lorde the kynge,
That gentyll was of blode;
The meſſenger forth gan wende,
And with the kynges moder gan lende,
And yn to the caſtell he yode.

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He was reſeyved rychely,
And ſhe hym aſkede haſtyly,
How the qwene hadde ſpedde;
" Madame, ther ys of her yborne
A fayr man chylde, y tell you beforne,
And ſhe lyth yn her bedde."
She yaf hym, for that tydynge,
A robe and fowrty ſhylynge,
And rychely hym cladde:
She made hym dronken of ale and wyne;
And when ſhe ſawe that hit was tyme,
Tho chambur ſhe wole hym lede.

And when he was on ſlepe browght,
The qwene that was of wykked thowght,
Tho chambur gan ſhe wende;
Hys letter ſhe toke hym fro,
In a fyre ſhe brente hit do,
Of werkes ſhe was unhende.
Another letter ſhe made with evyll,
And ſayde the qwene had born a devyll,
Durſte no mon come her hende.
Thre heddes hadde he there
A lyon, a dragon, and a beere,
A fowll feltred fende.

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On the morn, when hit was day,
The mesſenger wente on his way,
Bothe by ſtye and ſtrete,
In trwe ſtory as y ſay,
Tyll he come ther as the kynge laye,
And ſpeke wordes ſwete.
He toke the kyng the letter yn honde,
And he hit redde, y untherſtonde,
The teres downe gan he lete,
And as he ſtode yn redyng,
Downe he fell yn ſowenyng,
For ſorow his herte gan blede.

Grete lordes that ſtode hym by,
Toke up the kyng haſtely,
In herte he was full woo;
Sore he grette and ſayde, Alas! -
That y ever man born was,
That hit ever ſo ſhullde be;
Alas! that y was made a kynge,
And ſygh wedded the fayreſt thyng
That on erthe myght go;
That ever Jheſu hymſelf wolde ſende,
Such a fowle lothly fende,
To come bytwene us too!

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When he ſawe hit myght no better be,
Another letter then made he,
And ſeled hit with his ſele;
He commanded yn all thynge,
To kepe well that lady yynge,
Tyll ſhe hadde her hele;
Bothe gode men and ylle
To ſerve her at her wylle,
Bothe yn wo and wele:
He toke this letter of his honde,
And rode thorow the ſame londe,
By the kynges modur castell.

And then he dwelled ther all nyght,
He was reſeyved and rychely dyght,
And wyſte of no treſon;
He made hym well at eſe and fyne,
Bothe of brede, ale, and wyne,
And that berafte hym his reſon.
When he was on ſlepe browght,
The falſe qwene his letter ſowghte,
In to the fyre ſhe kaſte hit downe;
Another letter ſhe lette make,
That men ſholde the lady take,
And lede her out of towne.

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And putte her ynto the ſee,
In that robe of ryche ble,
The lytyll chylde her wyth;
And lette her have no ſpendyng,
For no mete, ny for drynkyng,
But lede her out of that kyght.
Upon payn of chylde and wyfe,
And alſo upon your owene lyfe,
Lette her have no gryght;
The meſſenger knewe no gyle,
But rode hom mony a myle,
By foreſt and by fryght.

And when the meſſenger come home,
The ſteward toke the letter ſone,
And bygan to rede;
Sore he ſyght and ſayde, Alas!
Sertes this ys a fowle caſe,
And a defull dede.
And as he ſtode yn redyng,
He fell downe yn ſwounynge,
For forow his hert gan blede;
Ther was nother olde ny yynge,
That myghte forbere of wepynge,
For that worthy unther wede.

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The lady herde gret dele yn halle,
On the ſteward gan ſhe calle,
And ſayde, What may this be?
Yyf any thyng be amys,
Tell me what that hit ys,
And lette not for me.
Then ſayde the ſteward verament,
Lo her a letter my lord hath ſente,
And therfore woo ys me:
She toke the letter and bygan to rede,
Then fonde ſhe wryten all the dede,
How ſhe moſte ynto the fee.

Be ſtylle, ſyr, ſayde the qwene,
Lette ſyche mornynge bene,
For me have thou no kare;
Loke thou be not ſhente,
But do my lordes commaundement,
God forbede thou ſpare;
For he weddede ſo porely,
On me a ſympull lady,
He ys aſhamed ſore;
Grete well my lord fro me,
So gentyll of blode yn Cryſtyante,
Gete he never more.

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Then was ther ſorow and myche woo,
When the lady to ſhype ſhulde go,
They wepte and wronge her honde;
The lady that was meke and mylde,
In her arme ſhe bar her chylde,
And toke leve of the londe.
When ſhe wente ynto the ſee,
In that robe of ryche ble,
Men ſowened on the ſonde;
Sore they wepte, and ſayde, Alas!
Certys this ys a wykked kaſe,
Wo worth dedes wronge!

The lady and the lytyll chylde,
Fleted forth on the water wylde,
With full harde happes;
Her ſurkote that was large and wyde,
Therwith her vyſage ſhe gan hyde,
With the hynther lappes.
She was aferde of the ſee,
And layde her gruf upon a tre,
The chylde to her pappes;
The wawes that were grete and ſtrong,
On the bote faſte they thronge,
With mony unſemely rappes.

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And when the chyld gan to wepe,
With ſory hert ſhe ſonge hit aſlepe,
And putte the pappe yn his mowth,
And ſayde, Myghth y ones gete lond,
Of the water that ys ſo ſtronge,
By northe or by ſowthe!
Wele owth y to warye the ſee,
I have myche ſhame yn the,
And ever ſhe lay and growht;
Then ſhe made her prayer,
To Jheſu and his moder dere,
In all that ſhe kowthe.

Now this lady dwelled thore
A full ſevene nyght and more,
As hit was goddys wylle;
With karefull herte and ſykyng ſore,
Such ſorow was her yarked yore,
And ſhe lay full ſtylle.
She was dryven toward Rome,
Thorow the grace of god yn trone,
That all thyng may fulfylle:
On the ſee ſhe was ſo harde beſtadde
For hunger and thurſte allmoſte madde,
Wo worth chawnſes ylle!

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A marchaunte dwelled yn that cytè,
A ryche mon of golde and fee,
Jurdan was hys name;
Eevery day wolde he
Go to playe hym by the fee,
The eyer for to tane.
He wente forth yn that tyde,
Walkynge by the fee ſythe,
Alle hym ſelfe alone:
A bote he fonde by the brymme,
And a fayr lady therynne,
That was ryght wo-bygone.

The cloth on her ſhon ſo bryth
He was aferde of that ſyght,
For glysteryng of that wede;
And yn his herte he thowghth ryght,
That ſhe was non erdyly wyght;
He ſawe never non ſhuch yn leede.
He ſayde, What hette ye, fayr ladye?
Lord, ſhe ſayde, y hette Egarye,
That lye here yn drede:
Up he toke that fayre ladye,
And the yonge chylde her by,
And hom he gan hem lede.

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When he come to his byggynge,
He welcomed fayr that lady yynge,
That was fayr and bryght;
And badde his wyf yn all thynge,
Mete and drynke for to brynge
To the lady ryght.
What that ſhe wyll crave,
And her mowth wyll hit have,
Loke hit be redy dyght:
She hath ſo longe meteles be,
That me thynketh grette pytè,
Conforte her yyf thou myght.

Now the lady dwelles ther,
With alle mete that gode were
She hedde at her wylle:
She was curteys yn all thyng,
Bothe to olde and to yynge,
Her loved bothe gode and ylle.
The chylde bygan for to thryfe,
He wax the fayreſt chyld on lyfe,
Whyte as flour on hylle;
And ſhe ſewed ſylke werk yn bour,
And tawghte her ſone nortowre,
But evyr ſhe mornede ſtylle.

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When the chylde was ſeven yer olde,
He was bothe wyſe and bolde,
And wele made of fleſh and bone;
He was worthy unther wede,
And ryght well kowthe prike a ſtede,
So curtays a chylde was none.
All men lovede Segramowre,
Bothe yn halle and yn bowre,
Wherſoever he gan gone.
Leve we at the lady clere of vyce,
And ſpeke of the kyng of Galys,
Fro the ſege when he come home.

Now the ſege broken ys,
The kyng come home to Galys,
With mykyll myrthe and pride;
Dukes and erles of ryche aſyce,
Barones and knyghtes of mykyll pryſe,
Come rydynge be hys ſyde.
Syr Kodore his ſteward thanne,
Ayeyn hym rode with mony a man,
As faſte as he myght ryde;
He tolde the kyng aventowres,
Of his halles and his bowres,
And of his londys wyde.

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The kyng ſayde, By goddys name,
Syr Kadore, thou art to blame
For thy fyrſt tellynge;
Thou ſholdeſt fyrſt have tolde me
Of my lady Egare,
I love moſt of all thyng.
Then was the ſtewardes herte wo,
And ſayde, Lorde, why ſayſt thou ſo?
Art not thou a trewe kynge?
Lo her the letter ye ſente me,
Yowr owene ſelf the ſothe may ſe,
I have don your byddynge.

The kyng toke the letter to rede,
And when he ſawe that ylke dede,
He wax all pale and wanne;
Sore he grette and ſayde, Alas!
That ever born y was,
Or ever was made manne!
Syr Kadore, ſo mot y the,
Thys letter come never fro me,
I tell the her anone.
Bothe they wepte and yaf hem ylle;
Alas! he ſayde, ſaf goddys wylle,
And both they ſowened than.

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Grete lordes ſtode by,
And toke up the kyng haſtyly,
Of hem was grete pytè;
And when they both kevered were,
The kyng toke hym the letter ther,
Of the heddys thre.
A lord, he ſayde, be goddes grace,
I ſawe never this letter in place,
Alas! how may this be?
After the mesſenger ther they ſente,
The kyng aſkede what way he wente;
"Lord, be your moder fre."

Alas! then ſayde the kynge,
Whether my moder wer ſo unhende,
To make thys treſon;
By my krowne ſhe ſhall be brent,
Withowten any other jugement,
That thenketh me beſt reſon.
Grete lordes toke hem betwene,
That they wolde exyle the qwene,
And berefe her hyr renowne;
Thus they exiled the falſe qwene,
And byrafte her hyr lyf lothe clene,
Caſtell, towre, and towne.

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When ſhe was fled over the ſee-ſome,
The nobull kyng dwelled at hom,
With full hevy chere;
With karefull hert and drury mone,
Sykynges made he many on,
For Egarye the clere:
And when he ſawe chylderen play,
He wepte and ſayde, Well awey!
For my ſone ſo dere.
Such lyf he lyved mony a day,
That no mon hym ſtynte may,
Fully ſeven yere.

Tyll a thowght yn hys herte come,
How his lady, whyte as ſome,
Was drowned for his ſake:
"Thorow the grace of god yn trone,
I woll to the pope of Rome,
My penans for to take."
He lette ordeyne ſhypus fele,
And fylled hem full of wordes wele,
Hys men mery with to make;
Dolys he lette dyghth and dele,
For to wynnen hym ſowles hele,
To the ſhyp he toke the gate.

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Shypmen, that wer ſo mykyll of price,
Dyght her takull on ryche acyſe,
That was fayr and fre;
They drowgh up ſayl, and leyd out ore,
The wynde ſtode as her luſt wore,
The wether was lythe on le.
They ſayled over the ſalt ſome,
Thorow the grace of god in trone,
That moſt ys of powſtè;
To the cyté when they come,
At the burgeys hous his yn he nome,
Ther as woned Emarye.

Emare called her ſone,
Haſtely to here come,
Wythoute ony lettynge;
And ſayde, My dere ſone ſo fre,
Do a lytull aftur me,
And thou ſhalt have my bleſsynge.
To-morowe thou ſhall ſerve yn halle,
In a kurtyll of ryche palle,
Byfore this nobull kyng:
Loke ſone ſo curteys thou be,
That no mon fynde chalange to the,
In no manere thynge.

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When the kyng ys ſerved of ſpycerye,
Knele thou downe haſtylye,
And take his hond yn thyn;
And when thou haſt ſo done,
Take the kuppe of golde ſone,
And ſerve hym of the wyne:
And what that he ſpeketh to the,
Cum anon and tell me,
On goddes bleſsyng and myne.
The chylde wente ynto the hall,
Amonge the lordes grete and ſmall,
That luſſume wer unther lyne.

Then the lordes that wer grete,
Wyſh and wente to her mete,
Menſtrelles browght yn the kowrs.
The chylde hem ſerved ſo curteysly,
All hym loved that hym ſy,
And ſpake hym gret honowres.
Then ſayde all that loked hym upon,
So curteys a chyld ſawe they never non,
In halle ny yn bowres.
The kynge ſayde to hym yn game,
Swete ſone, what ys thy name?
Lord, he ſeyd, y hyghth Segramowres.

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Then that nobull kyng
Toke up a grete ſykynge,
For hys ſone hyght ſo,
Certys, withowten leſynge,
The teres out of his yën gan wryng,
In herte he was full woo.
Neverthelefe he lette be,
And loked on the chylde ſo fre,
And mykell he lovede hym thoo.
The kyng ſayde to the burgeys anone,
Swete ſyr, ys this thy ſone?
The burgeys ſayde, Yoo.

Then the lordes, that wer grete,
Wheſſhen ayeyn aftyr mete,
And then com ſpycerye,
The chyld, that was of chere ſwete,
On his kne downe he ſete,
And ſerved hym curteyslye.
The kynge called the burgeys hym tyll,
And ſayde, Syr, yf hit be thy wyll,
Yyf me this lytyll body;
I ſhall hym make lorde of town and towr,
Of hye halles and of bowre.
I love hym ſpecyally.

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When he had ſerved the kyng at wylle,
Fayr he wente his modyr tyll,
And tellys her how hyt ys.
" Soone when he ſhall to chambur wende,
Take his hond at the grete ende,
For he ys thy ſadur, y wyſſe,
And byd hym come ſpeke with Emare,
That changed her name to Egare,
In the lond of Galys."
The chylde wente ayeyn to halle,
Amonge the grete lordes alle,
And ſerved on ryche aſyſe.

When they wer well at eſe afyne,
Bothe of brede, ale, and wyne,
They roſe up more and myn;
When the kyng ſhulde to chambur wende,
He toke his hond at the grete ende,
And fayre he helpe hym yn;
And ſayde, Syr, if your wyll be,
Take me your honde, and go with me,
For y am of yowr kynne.
Ye ſhull come ſpeke with Emare,
That changed her nome to Egare,
That berys the whyte chynne.

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The kyng yn herte was full woo,
When he herd mynge tho
Of her that was his qwene;
And ſayde, Sone, why ſayſt thou ſo?
Wherto umbraydeſt thou me of my wo?
That may never bene.
Nevertheles with hym he wente,
Ayeyn hem come the lady gent,
In the robe bryght and ſhene,
He toke her yn his armes two,
For joye they ſowened both to,
Such love was hem bytwene.

A joyfull metyng was ther thore,
Of that lady goodly unther-gore,
Frely in armes to folde;
Lorde! gladde was ſyr Kadore,
And other lordes that ther wore,
Semely to beholde.
Of the lady that was put yn the ſee,
Thorow grace of god in trinite,
That was kevered of cares colde.
Leve we at the lady whyte as flour,
And ſpeke we of her fadur the emperour,
That fyrſte the tale of ytolde,

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The emperour her fadyr then
Was woxen an olde man,
And thowght on hys ſynne;
Of hys thowghtyr Emare,
That was putte ynto the ſee,
That was ſo bryght of ſkynne.
He thowght that he wolde go,
For his penance to the pope tho,
And heven for to wynne;
Mesſengeres he ſente forth ſone,
And they come to the kowrt of Rome,
To take her lordes inne.

Emare prayde her lorde the kyng,
Syr, abyde that lordys komyng,
That ys ſo fayr and fre;
And, ſwete ſyr, yn all thyng,
Aqweynte you with that lordyng,
Hit ys worſhyp to the.
The kyng of Galys ſeyde than,
So grete a lord ys ther nan
In all cryſtyantè.
"Now, ſwete ſyr, whatever betyde,
Ayayn that grete lord ye ryde,
And all thy knyghtys with the."

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Emare thawghte her ſone yynge,
Ayeyn the emperour komynge,
How that he ſholde done:
Swete ſone, yn all thyng,
Be redy with my lord the kyng,
And be my ſwete ſone.
When the emperour kyſseth thy fadyr ſo fre,
Loke yyf he wyll kyſſe the,
Abowe the to hym ſone;
And bydde hym come ſpeke with Emare,
That was putte ynto the ſee,
Hymſelf yaf the dome.

Now kometh the emperour of pryſe,
Ayeyn hym rode the kyng of Galys,
With full mykull pryde;
The chyld was worthy unther-wede,
And ſatte upon a nobyll ſtede,
By his fadyr ſyde:
And, when he mette the emperour,
He valed his hode with gret honour,
And kyſsed hym yn that tyde;
And other lordys of gret valowre,
They alſo keſsed Segramowre;
In herte ys not to hyde.

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The emperours herte anamered gretlye
Of the chylde that rode hym by,
With ſo lovely chere.
Segramowre he ſayde his ſtede,
Hys owene fadyr toke good hede,
And other lordys that ther were.
The chylde ſpake to the emperour,
And ſayde, Lord, for thyn honour,
My worde that thou wyll here;
Ye ſhull come ſpeke with Emare,
That changede her name to Egare,
That was thy thowghthur dere.

The emperour wax all pale,
And ſayde, Sone, why umbraydeſt me of bale,
And thou may ſe no bote?
"Syr, and ye wyll go with me,
I ſhall the brynge with that lady fre,
That ys loveſom on to loke."
Nevertheleſſe with hym he wente,
Ayeyn hym come that lady gent,
Walkynge on her fote;
And the emperour alyghte tho,
And toke her yn his armes two,
And clypte and kyſsed her ſote.

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Ther was a joyfull metynge
Of the emperour and of the kynge,
And alſo of Emare;
And ſo ther was of ſyr Segramour,
That aftyr was emperour,
A full gode man was he.
A grette feſte ther was holde,
Of erles and barones bolde,
As testymonyeth thys ſtory.
Thys ys on of Brytayne layes, 1030
That was uſed by olde dayes,
Men callys playn the garye.
Jheſu, that ſettes yn thy trone,
So graunte us with the to wone
In thy perpetuall glorye!

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SIR ORPHEO.

We redyn ofte, and fynde ywryte,
As clerkes don us to wyte,
The layes that ben of harpyng
Ben yfounde of frely thing;
Sum ben of wele, and ſum of wo,
And ſum of joy, and merthe alſo,
Sum of bourdys, and ſum of rybaudry,
And ſum ther ben of the feyrè;
Sum of trechery, and ſum of gyle,
And ſum of happes that fallen by while.
Of alle thing that men may ſe
Mooſt to lowe forſothe they be.
In Brytayn this layes arne ywrytt,
Furſt yfounde, and forthe ygete,
Of aventures that fillen by dayes,
Wherof Brytons made her layes,

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When they myght owher heryn
Of aventures that ther weryn,
They toke her harpys with game,
Maden layes, and yaf it name.
Of auntures that han befalle
Y can ſum telle, but nought all.
Herken, lordyngys, that ben trewe,
And y wol you telle of ſir Orphewe.
Orpheo was a ryche kyng,
And in his tyme a grete lordyng:
Ful fayr man, and large therto,
And hende, curteis, and hardy alſo.
His fadre was come of king Pluto,
And his modur cam of quene Juno,
That in tyme wer goddys holden,
For wordys that they dedyn and tolden.
Orpheo moſt of ony thing
Lovede the gle of harpyng;
Syker was every gode harpoure
Of hym to have moche honour.
Hymſelf loved for to harpe,
And layde thereon his wittes ſcharpe;
He lerned ſo, ther non was
A better harper in no plas.

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In the werld was never man born,
That onus Orpheo ſat biforn,
And he myght of his harpyng her,
He ſhulde thinke that he wer
In one of the joys of paradys,
Suche joy and melody in his harpyng is.
Orpheo ſugerneth in Crasſens,
That is a cyté of noble defens,
He hath a quene ful feyre of pris,
That is clepyd dam Erodys,
The feyreſt woman for the nonys
That myghth be made of fleſſche and bonys,
All hur here, and hur gade nes,
Myghth no man diſcryve hur fayrenes.
Hit byfel in tyme of May,
That is mery and lykyng the ſomeris day
Awey ben the wynteris ſchouris,
And every felde is ful of flouris,
Of bloſmes ſpryngyng on the bowe,
Over all the londe is mery ynowe,
That ilke quene, dame Erodys,
Toke with hur two maydenes of pris,
And walked in the undertyde
To pley in hur orchard-ſyde,

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To ſe floures ſprede and ſpryng,
And ſe and here the foulys ſyng.
They ſeten hem down all thre,
Fayr under an ympe-tre,
And wel ſone the feyr quene
Felled a ſlepe upon the grene.
The maydenes durſt hur not awake,
But byſyde hur mery they can hem make,
And lete hur ſlepe tyl after none,
That the undertyde was agone;
And, al ſo ſone as ſche can wake,
Sche cryed, and lothly can hur make,
She froted hur hondys and hur fete,
And cracched hur tyl that ſche can blede;
Hur ryche clothis ſche can ter,
And was wode out of hur wit ther.
The two maydenes that ſat byſyde
Durſt they non lengur abyde,
But went into the palys ryghth,
And tolde bothe ſquyer and knyghth,
That her quene awey wolde go.
Knyghths out went, and ladyes alſo,
And damſellis fyfty and mony mo,
To fet her lady they thought to do.

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Into the orchard they wer come,
And had hur up in armes ynome,
And brought hur in bed at the laſt,
And helde hur in ryghth faſt;
But ever ſche cryed with grete mode,
And rent hurſelf as ſche wer wode.
When the kyng herd this tydyng,
He was never ſo wo for no thing.
The kyng com, with knyghthis kene,
Into the chamber to his quene,
And of hur had grete pytè:
Swete hert, he ſayde, how may this be?
That ever yet haſt ben ſo ſtylle,
And now crieſt ſo loude and ſchrylle;
Thy body, that was white biforn,
With thy nayles is al to-torn;
Alas! thy rode that was ſo rede
Is as wan as ony lede.
Alſo thy fyngris ſmalle,
They ben al blody and palle.
Alas! thy lovely yÿen two
Loken on me as man on ſo.
Leve dam, y beſeche the mercy,
Lete be al this ruful cry,

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And tel me what thing and how
Yif ony thing may help the now.
The lady ſtill es at the laſt,
And gan to wepe ſwythe faſt,
Tho ſche ſeyde the kyng to,
Alas! my lord, ſyr Orpheo,
Seth we togedur were
Never yit wroth we ner,
Ever yit thou haſt loved me,
With alle myn hert ſo have y the;
And now we ſchul part atwo,
Do thy beſt, for y moſt go.
Alas! he ſeyde, forlorn y am,
Whidur wol thou go and to wham?
Wher thou comeſt thou ſchalt with me,
Whidur thou goſt y wyl with thee.
Sir, ſche ſeyde, it may not be this,
I ſchal you telle how it is:
As y lay this undertyde,
To ſlepe under the orchard-ſyde,
Ther come to me two fair knyghtes,
Wele arayde at alle ryghthis,
And bade me come, without lettyng,
To ſpeke with her lord the kyng;

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And y anſwerde with wordis bolde
That y ne durſt, ne y nolde:
Faſt agayn they can dryve,
Then com her kyng al ſo blyve
With a thouſand knytes and mo,
And with ladyes fyfty alſo,
And ryden al on ſnow-white ſtedys,
And alſo white was her wedys
Y ſey never ſeth y was borne
So feyr knyghtes me byforne.
The kyng had a crowne on his hede,
It was no ſelver, ne gold rede,
All it was of precious ſtone,
As bryght as ſunne forſothe it ſchone.
Al ſo ſone he to me cam,
Wold y, nold y, he me nam,
And made me with him ryde,
On a whyte palfrey by his ſyde,
And brought me in to his palys,
Ryght wele ydight over al y wys.
He ſchewed me castels and touris,
Medewys, ryveres, feldys, and floures,
And his foreſtes everyche one;
And ſeth he brought [me] ayen home,

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Into our owne orcharde,
And ſayde to me this afterwarde:
Loke to-morew that thou be
Here under this ympe-tre;
And yif thou makeſt ony lette,
Wherever thou be thou ſchalt be fet,
And to-tore thy lymes alle,
That no thing the help ſchalle,
And, thaugh thou be ſo to-tore,
Yit ſchalt thou awey be bore.
When the kyng herde this caſe,
Out! he ſeyde, and alaſe!
Me wer lever to leſe my lyfe,
Than to leſe the quene my wyfe!
He axed conſel of many a man,
But non of hem help hym can.
On the morewe, when tyme came,
The kyng his armes forſoth he name,
And two hundred knyghtes with hym,
Wele yärmed ſtout and grym;
With the quene went he,
Into the orchard, under the tre,
Ther made they watche on every ſyde,
And caſt hem there for to byde,

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And ſuffre deth everychon
Er ſche ſchulde from hem gon:
And there anon withouten lette
Among hem all ſcho was yſet,
Awey with the fayré ſche was ynome,
Wiſt non of hem wher ſcho become.
Ther was ther wepyng and cryeng alſo,
The king to his chamber can go,
And ſel adown on the ſtone,
He made grete dele and meche mone;
Wel nye he hed hymſelf yſchent,
He ſygh ther was no amendement.
He ſende after erle and baroun,
And other lordys of grete renoun;
And, whan they togeder were,
Lordys, he ſeyde, that ben here,
Y ordeyne my ſteward of myn halle
To kepe my londys overalle.
Now y have my quene forlore,
The beſt lady that ever was bore;
Y wol never eſte woman ſe,
In wyldernes now wol y be,
And wonne there in holtys hore
In wyldernes for evermore.

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When ye wyte y am of the world went
Make ye all a parlement,
And do cheſe you a new kyng,
And do your beſt in al thing.
Ther was grete ſorewe in the halle,
Wepyng and cryeng among hem alle;
Ther ne myght olde ne yonge
For wepyng ſpeke a worde with tonge.
They knelyd all adown in fer,
And beſought hym, yif his wil wer,
That he ne wolde from hem go.
Do wey! he ſeyde, y wil not ſo.
Alle his kyndam he forſoke,
And to him a ſclaveyn anon he toke;
He ne wolde have non hode,
Hoſe, ne ſcho, ne other gode;
But his harpe he gan take,
And went barfot oût at the gate:
Ther moſt no man with hym go,
Alas! ther was wepyng and wo.
He that was kyng, and bar the crowne,
Went ſo porely out of towne,
Into wildernes he gethe,
Bothe throw wode and throw hethe.

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Now he is naught at eſe,
But now he is at male-eſe;
Now in hard wode he lythe,
With erbis and gras he hym wrythe.
He that had grete plentè,
Mete, drynke, and grete dignytè,
Now he moſt bothe digge and wrote,
Er he have his fille of rote.
In ſomer he lyveth by hawys,
That on hauthorne growth by ſchawys;
And in wynter by rote and rynde,
For other thing may he non fynde.
His body was awey dryve,
With hayle and reyne al to-ryve,
No man coude telle of his fore
That he ſuffred ten yere and more
He that had castel and toure,
Foreſt, fryth, bothe felde and flour,
Now hath he nothing that him lyketh,
But wylde beſtes that by hym ſtryketh:
The here of his hede is blak and row,
Benethe his gurdel it ys ygrow.
He taketh his harpe, and maketh hym gle,
And lythe al nyght under a tre.

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When the wedur is cler and bryght,
He taketh his harpe anone ryght,
Into the wode it ryngeth ſchylle,
As he coude harpe at his wille.
The wilde beſtes that ther bethe,
For joy about hym they gethe;
All the foulis that ther were,
They comyn aboute hym there,
To her harpyng that was fyne,
So mechel joy was therine.
When he the harpyng leve wolde,
Foule, ne beſt, abyde ther nolde,
But went hem albydene,
And lete hym alone ther bene.
Ofte he ſaw hym byſyde
In the hote ſomer-tyde,
The kyng of Fayré, with his route,
Com to hunte all aboute,
With dunnyng and with blowyng,
And houndys gret cryeng;
But forſothe no beſt they nome,
Ne he ne wyſt wher they becom;
And other while he myght yſe
A grete oſt by him te,

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Wel a two hundreth knyghtes,
Wele yärmed at all ryghtes.
Sum while he ſaw other thing,
Knyghtes and ladies com rydyng
In bryght atyre and diſgyſid,
With eſy pace and wele avyſed,
Taberis and pypes yeden hem by
And alle maner of mynſtrelſy;
And ladyes ther com rydyng,
Joly they wer in alle thing;
Jentle and jolef, forſothe, y wys,
No man among hem ther nys.
Every on an hauke on honde bere,
And went haukyng by the ryvere,
Of game they fonde grete haunt,
Feſaunt, heron, and cormerant.
The foules out of the rever flowe,
Every faukun his game flowe.
That ſaw kyng Orpheo, and lowe,
As he ſtode under a bowe:
Perfay, he ſayde, ther is gode game,
Thider y wil in goddis name,
Such game he was wont to ſe,
Up he ros, and thider cam he;

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To his owne lady wel ny he come,
And hur wel ny had undernome;
He knew hur by the ſemelant, y wys,
His owe lady, dam Erodyſſe:
But ther myght non with other ſpeke,
They ſche hym knewe, and he hur eke.
For mysſis that ſhe on hym ſye,
That ſum tyme was bothe ryche and hie,
The teris ran doun by hur yghe,
So dede of hym when he hur ſye.
They made hur awey there ryde,
For ther myght ſche no lenger abyde.
Alas! he ſayde, that me is wo!
Why nyl deth myn hert ſlo?
Alas! wrecche that y ne myght
Dye anon after this ſyght!
Alas! to long laſteth my lyfe,
That y ne may ſpeke with my wyfe!
Ne ſche with me a worde to ſpeke!
Alas! why nyl myn hert breke!
Perſay, he ſayde, [tide what bitide]
Y wil ſe whyder this ladies ride,
In that wey wyl y go
For of my lyf yeve y not a ſlo;

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His ſclaveyn dede he on his bak,
And toke his harpe ryght as he ſpak.
Faſt after hem he can gone
Over ſtok, and over ſtone.
In then at the roche the ladies ryde,
He went ſone after, he nolde not byde.
When he was into the roche ygo,
Wele thre myle, and ſume dele mo,
He cam to a feyr contray,
Was as bryght as ony day;
Feyr palys, and alle grene,
Hille ne dale was nought ſene.
Amyd the launde a castel he ſye,
Noble and ryche, ryght wonder hie,
And al the overyſt walle
Schene as doth the cryſtal;
Fayr tours ther wer aboute,
Gayly ſet with perles ſtoute;
The utmeſt that ſtode on the dyche
Was of golde and ſelver ryche;
The fronte that was amyd all
Was of dyvers metalle;
Within were wyde wonys,
Of golde, ſelver, and precious ſtones,

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Feyr pilers theron wer dyght
Of precious ſtones and ſafyres bryght.
Hit ſchone ſo fayr by nyght
That al the towne therof was lyght.
The ryche ſtones ſchone ſo cun,
Al ſo bryght as ony ſun.
No man myght telle, ne thinke in thought,
The ryches that therin was wrought.
At the caſtel the ladies alyght,
Orpheo went after as faſt as he myght.
Orpheo knocked at the gate,
The porter was redy therate,
And aſked, What wilt thou ſo?
" Perfay, y am a mynſtrallo,
To ſolas the with my gle,
The merier ſchalt thou be."
He unded the gate anone,
And lete hym into the caſtel gone.
Orpheo loked about over all,
He ſawe folk ſit under the wall;
Sum that wer thyder ybrought,
Al dede were they nought:
Amonge hem lay his owne wyfe,
That he loved as his lyfe;

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Sche lay under ane ympe-tre,
By her glowes he wyſt it was ſche.
He went forthe into the halle,
Therin was grete joye with alle.
The ryche kyng therin ſette,
He fyl on knees, and hym grette.
By hym ſete a quene bryght,
Unnethis he had of hur a ſyght.
When he had yſene al thing,
He fel on knees byfore the kyng,
And beſought hym yif his wil were
That he wolde of his mynſtrelſy her.
Then ſayde the kyng, What art thow,
That art hyder ycom nowe?
Myſelf, ne non that is within me,
Never ſende after the.
Seth y this kyndam furſt bygan
Fonde y non ſo hardy a man
That hider durſt come ne wende,
But that y aftur hym ſende.
Sir, he ſayde, y trowe ful wele,
Y holde it ſoth, ſir, every dele,
For ſothe it is the maner of us
To come to every lordys hous,

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And though we nought welcome be,
Yit we moſt profer our game or gle.
Byfore the kyng he ſet hym downe,
And toke his harpe of mery ſowne,
And, as he ful wel can,
Many mery notys he began.
The kyng behelde and ſat ful ſtylle,
To here his harpyng he had gode will.
When he left of his harpeng,
To hym ſeyde that ryche kyng,
Mynſtrel, me lyketh ryght wele thy gle,
What thing that thou aſke of me
Largely y wol the pay,
Therfor, aſke now and aſay.
Lord, he ſayde, y pray the,
Yif it your wyl be,
Yif me that lady bryght of ble
That lythe yonde under the ympe-tre.
Nay, he ſayde, as it nought ner.
[A fori couple of you it were]
For thou art row and blake,
And ſche is made withouten lak.
A foule couple it wer forthy
To lete hur com in thy company.

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Lord, he ſeyde, ryche kyng,
Yit hit wer a fouler thing
To here a leſyng of thy mouthe,
To me as thou ſaydeſt nouthe,
That y ſchulde have what y wolde?
A kyngis worde moſt nede be holde.
Thou ſayſt ſoth, ſayde the kyng than,
Forſothe thou art a trewe man.
Y wol wel that it be ſo;
Take hur by the honde, and go;
Y wol that thou of hur be blythe:
And he hym thanked mony a ſythe.
He toke hur by the honde anon
With ryght gode wille they can out gon.
Faſt he went out of that ſtede,
Ryghth as he came out he yede.
So long they have undernome,
That to Crasſens they were ycome,
That ſum tyme was her owne cetè,
But no man wyſt they weren he
With a begger of pore lyfe
He herbored hym and his wyfe;
He aſked tydynges of the londe,
And who then had the kyndam in honde.

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The por begger, in his cote,
Anon tolde hym every grote,
How the qwene was fet away
Of the londe, forſothe to ſay,
And how the kyng aftur them yede,
No man wyſt into what ſtede;
And now the ſtewarde the kyndam doth holde;
Mony tydynges he hym them tolde,
A morewe at the none-tyde
He made the quene there abyde,
He toke his harpe ryght anon,
Into the towne he can gon.
His owne ſteward he cán mete
As he cam by the ſtrete.
He ſet hym doun on his kne,
And ſayde, Lord, help for charytè!
Y am a por mynſtrel of Hethenes,
Helpe me, lord, at this dystres!
The ſteward ſayde, With me com home,
Of my gode thou ſchalt have ſomme;
For my lordys love, ſyr Orpheo,
Al mynſtrellys ben welcom me to.
Anone they wente into the halle,
The ſteward and the lordys all;

The ſteward waſched and wente to mete,
And all lordys weren yſete.
Ther was merthe in halle
When Orpheo ſat within the wall.
When they weren all ſtylle,
He toke his harpe that was ſchille
And pleyde faſt with the gle,
The ſtewarde loked, and can to ſe,
And knewe the harpe wel blyve:
Mynſtrel, he ſayde, as thou moſt thryve,
Wher had thou that harpe, and howe?
Tel me now, ſyr, for thy prowe.
Lord, he ſeyde, in unkouthe londe,
By a foreſt y hit ther fonde;
Y ſygh a man draw ful ſmale,
It lay by hym in a dale:
Now it is ten wynter agone.
Alas! ſeyde the ſteward, and made grete mone,
Hit was my lord, ſyr Orpheo,
Alas! that ever he yede us fro.
The kyng behelde the ſteward than,
And wyſt he was a trewe man;
To hym he ſeyde, without leſyng,
Syr, he ſeyde, y am Orpheo the kyng.

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Here, at the townis ennde,
Y have brought my lady hende.
The lordys ſterten up anon,
And maden hym to chamber gon,
With merthe, joy, and procesſioun,
They ſet the quene into the towne:
Ther they lyved gode lyfe afterwarde,
And ſythe was the kyng ſtewarde.
Thus cam they out of care:
God geve us grace wele to fare!
And all that have herde this talkyng
In heven blys be his wonyng!
Amen, amen, for charytè,
Lord us graunt that it ſo be!

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CHRONICLE OF ENGLAND.

Herkneth hideward, lordynges,
Ye that wolleth here of kynges:
Aut ye mowen heren anon
Hou Engelonde furſt bigon;
This philoſofres us doth to-wyte,
Aſe we findeth ywryte.
This lond wes cleped Albyon,
Er then Bruyt from Troye com,
A thouſent ant tuo hondred yer
Erthen Marie Criſt ber.
A muche mon com from Troye, y wis,
Wes icleped Bruyt Sylvius,
A muche mon com with him alſo,
Corineus yclepud wes tho.
In thilke time, in al this londe,
On aker-lond ther nes yfounde

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Ne toun ne houſes never on
Erthen Bruyt from Troye com;
Ah al wes wode ant wilderneſſe,
Nes ther no tilthe, more ne leſſe.
Geauntz her wonede ſuythe ſtronge,
That were bothe grete ant longe;
Geomagog hatte here kyng,
Me nuſte no wer ys evenyng;
He wes of ſuythe wonder ſtreynthe,
Ant fourti fithe hade the leynthe
From the elbowe to the hond,
Ant tuenti on brede on him me fond.
In grete hulles hy woneden her,
Ant livede by herbes ant wilde duer,
Mylk ant water, hy dronke nout elles,
Aſe the boc hyt faithe ant telles.
Schep he heden aſe hors gret,
That beren wolle aſe her of get,
Therof hy maden hem ſclavyns,
Aſe palmers that beth paynyms.
Tho Bruyt com this lond to wynne,
The geauntz that ther woneden ynne,
Tho hy herden of Brutes come,
Ham byradden alle ant ſome

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To yeven hem bataille anon,
Ant to flen hem everuchon.
The Troyens were fuythe kene,
Ant that wes ther wel afene,
The geaunts heo overcome,
Ant heore grete kyng he nome,
Geomagog that wes fo ftrong,
Ant fo wonderliche long.
Corineus the champioun,
That with Bruyt from Troye com,
Seh Geomagog fo fturne,
Ant defirede fuithe yurne
To wraftle wyth that foule thing,
That wes the geaundene kyng,
Ant of Bruyt he bad the bone,
Ant he him grauntede fuithe fone.
Corineus anon forth fchet,
To the kyng that wes fo gret,
Al day togedere hy wraftly conne,
Forto hem faylede light of fonne,
The kyng wes a teoned ftronge
That Corineus aftod fo longe,
Ant fo harde he him tuafte,
That thre ribbes in him to-barfte.

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Bruyt byhueld Corineus,
Ant to him he ſeide thus,
Corineus, wet deſt thou nouthe?
Nes ner by northe, ne by ſouthe,
Ne by water, ne by londe,
Er then non thi piere yfonde;
Ant yef the word of the ſpronge
That eny mon the ſtode ſo longe,
Geaunt, other champioun,
Al thyn honour were leid adoun,
Ant nomeliche to thy lemmon,
That ys wyttore then the ſom.
Tho Corineus underyat
That Bruyt of ys lemmon ſpac,
Of Erneburh that maide hende,
To Geomagog he con wende,
Ant him putte with ſuch ſtreynthe,
Thah he were more thon he of leinthe,
That fourti fet, roumede and grete
Into the ſee he made him lepe.
Tho the geauntz were overcome,
Ant Bruyt hade this londe ynome,
Corineus lovede the more
Al that contrey tharefore,

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Ant clepede hit for that batayle
After Corineus Cornwayle.
Bruyt hade muche folk with him,
Bothe fremede and eke kun,
That were erthe-tilyes gode,
Hy faleweden erthe, and feolden wode,
Ant of this lond that wes fo wylde
Hy bygonne tounes to bulde;
Londone he made furſt with gome,
Ant yef hit his oune nome,
Newe Troye, for he com
Furſt from Troye and hit bygon.
In his time, withoute les,
Elye the prophete ichoſe wes,
The children of Yrael bi dai and nith,
The laghe techen hem ariht,
The laghe he tahte hem ych wene,
On hem therafter hit wes ſene.
Bruyt had thre ſones,
That were ſuythe feyre gomes.
That on wes hote Lokeryn,
He reignede after his fader fyn.
Cambroun hatte that other,
He wes the mydleſte brother,

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He was ybore in Deveneſchire,
Of Wales he wes maked ſire.
Albanactus the thridde iclepud wes,
Scotlond to ys part he ches,
Ant tharefore, aſe ryth ys,
Al that Bretaygne iclepud ys.
He reignede her
Other half-houndred yer,
At Weſtmuſtre he was ded,
Ant yburied, for ſo he bed.
Tho anon, after hym,
Reygnede his ſone Lokeryn;
Crafti mon for ſothe he wes,
He wrohte her, withoute les,
Tuo merveilles grete, y wys,
Wrokynghole that on clepud ys
Sikerlich withoute gyle,
Biſide Glaſtingbury a myle;
A chapele that other ys,
That over the erthe hongeth thus,
From the erthe tuenti fet,
The leynthe for ſothe laſt yet,
Of ſeint Suſanne, wythoute les,
The chapele ycleped wes.

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He reignede her
An hondred wynter and tuo yer.
After hym reignede Eboras,
That ſuithe wis and crafti was;
He wes Lokerynes ſone,
Everwyk wes his meſte wone,
Ant he Everwik made and met,
More then Londone by ſevé ſtret,
Alklud and Maydenescaſtel bo,
Ant Mound de le Rous he made alſo:
Ant tho David and his teem
Reigneden in Jeruſaleem.
After hym Lud-Hudybras,
So Eboras ſone ycleped was,
Hade this lond everuch del,
Ant hyt yemede ſuythe wel;
He made Caunterbury anon,
Ant other tounes moni on,
Wynchestre and Schaftesburye,
Ther ſpac an ern [a] prophecie,
Thre dawes and thre nyht,
The prophecie he tolde riht:
Wet in Englond ſchulde byfalle,
That ther weren hit herden alle.

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Lud, that ichabbe of ytold,
He wes kyng ſuythe bold,
To bulden he hevede gode wate,
At Londone he made a yate,
Ant clepede hit, after ys nome,
Ludgate, al with gome.
After thilke kyng Lud
Reignede his ſone Bladud;
He wes clerk of nigremancie,
That ys an art of gret maiſtrie;
He made the wonder, ful y wis
That hote bathe ycleped ys.
Herkneth alle that beth hende,
Ant y ſchal telle, ord and ende,
The rihte ſothe, ful y wys,
Hou hote bathe ymaked ys:
Four tonnes ther beoth of bras,
Al for ſothe thus hit was,
Feole thinges ther beth ynne,
Craftilich ymad with gynne,
Quic brimſton and other alſuo,
With wylde fur ymad therto,
Salgemme and ſalpetre,
Salarmoniac ther ys eke,

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Salnitre that ys briht:
Berneth bothe day and nyth.
This ys in the tonnes ydon,
Ant other thinges moni on:
Berneth bothe nyht and day,
Ah never quenchen hit ne may.
In four ſprunges the tonnes liggeth,
Aſe this philoſofres ſuggeth,
The hete withynne, water withoute,
Maketh hot al aboute.
The tuo ſprunges urneth yfere,
Ah the other tuo beth more clere;
Therof ys maked, ful y wys,
That kyngesbathe ycleped ys.
Thilke maister Bladud,
That wes kyngesſone Lud,
Tho he this ilke bathe made,
Ant he eny defaute hade
Of thinges that ther ſchulde to,
Herkneth hou he wolde do:
From Bathe to Londone he wolde fleo,
Ant thilke dai ſelf ayeyn teo,
Ant vacche that therto byfel,
He wes quic and ſuithe ſnel.

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Tho thes maister was ded,
Anon he wende to the qued,
For Crift nas nout yet ybore,
Ne deth ne ſoffrede him nout fore.
After Bladud wes heir
Ys oune ſone, that hatte Leyr,
He made Leircestre with gome,
Ant yef hit ys oune nome.
After him reignede his ſone bold,
That wes icleped Denewold,
He made Malmesbury,
Lacok, and Tettesbury,
Ant Deviſes alſo,
Aud other tounes fele mo.
Tueye ſones he hade thenne,
That on Belyns, that other Brenne,
Hy weren men of chevalerie,
Hy wonne Fraunce and Normaundie,
Ant tha lond ſuithe ſone
From Fraunce that come to Rome.
Thilke Belyns and Brenne
Made four weyes thenne,
Thourh the grace of godes ſonde,
Thourh-out all Engelonde.

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That on to thiſſe daye yet
Ys ycleped Wateling-ſtret.
That other ys icleped Foſſe,
Geth from Cornwaille into Scoſſe,
A launde in Scotlond of gret prys,
In al that lond feirore ther nys.
Ykenild-ſtret ther beoth thre;
Offedich the furthe wol be.
After him com a muche mon,
Was ycleped Caſſabalon,
A wis kyn and a war.,
He caſte Julius Ceſar,
That was emperour of Rome,
Out thiſſe londe ſone,
Ant tuye him overcom,
Ant at the thridde time Ceſar him nom,
Ant tho Caſſabalon was overcome,
He yef gret truage to Rome,
Thre hondred pound by yer,
Er he moſte be quite and ſker;
That were ſixti yer by ſcore
Er then Criſt were ybore.
After him Uther-Pendragoun
Hade his londe al and ſom,

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He won to ys hond
Englond, Wales, and Scotlond;
He reignede thritti yer,
To Glastinbury me him ber.
After him his ſone Arthur
Hevede this lond thourh and thourh;
He was the beſte kyng at nede,
That ever mihte ride on ſtede.
Other wepne welde, other folk out-lede,
Of mon ne hede he never drede.
He ne com never in none londe,
That he ne hede the heire honde.
Ther nes never ſuch king bifore,
Ne non ne byht ther nevermore.
Whyl kyng Arthur was alyve
In Bretaigne wes chyvalerie,
Ant the in Bretaigne were yfonde
This gret aventures, ichonderſtonde,
That ye habbeth yherd her this
Ofte ſithes, and ſoth hit ys.
Wyth kyng Arthur wes a knyht,
Wel ychot Eweyn he hyht,
Ther nes mon in al the londe
That durſte in ſith ayein him ſtonde.

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This kyng Arthur, as ich er tolde,
He wes kyng ſuithe bold,
He won Engelond ſuithe ſone,
Out of the truage of Rome,
Ant Luces the emperour, ſauntz fayle,
He overcom in bataille.
He get, thourh his chevalerie,
Fraunce that come to Lumbardie,
Ant Rome he wolde han ymone,
Ant tho the tidinge him wes icome,
That Moddred hys coſyn
Englond wolde bynymen him,
Ant hede yleye by the quene,
Genevre, that wes bryth and ſchene,
That wes kyng Arthures wyf,
That he lovede ſo ys lyf.
Aſe ſone aſe Arthur the kyng
Hede herd this tiding,
To Engelond he turnde ayein,
Bothe with knyth and with ſueyn,
Ant Engelond hath ynome, y wys,
Ant halt hit aſe rith ys.
After thon he livede ten yer,
To Glaſtingbury me him ber:

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God almihti, that beſt may,
Yeve him reſte nyth and day!
Ther after tuo and twenti yer,
Efter that Marie Criſt ber,
Eleutherie, the pope of Rome,
Stablede ſuithe ſone
Godes werkes wurthe,
Ant ſinge in holy chirche,
Gloria in excelsis deo,
Ant yef gret pardon therto.
After thon, ichonderſtonde,
Lucius brohtt into Engelonde
Cristendome, griht, and pees,
From the pope Eleutheries.
Thilke Lucius, thourh godes ſonde,
Made thre archebiſchopes in is londe,
Ant twenty-ſevyn he made alſo
Leod biſchopes therto.
That was to-fore the come of ſeint Austin her
Four hondred and ahte and fourti yer.
Dioclicien thilke time
Dude cristendome much pine;
In thilke time ſeint Albon
For godes love tholede martirdom.

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Kyng Fortiger, wyth ſchome and ſchonde,
Wes driven out of Engelonde.
Thourh Hengiſtus, for ſothe y wys,
That made the treſoun, for thus hit ys:
At Stonhenges, wite ou wel,
Ther he hit made everuch del,
For Merlyn hem ſaide biforenhond
He ne ſchulde ner dure en Englond.
Rowenne, that was ſo feir may,
Furſt ſaide, by this day,
To kyng Fortiger, Wasſail;
Ant that onſuere wes, Drinkhail.
Seththe anon, ſone and ſuithe,
Wes Engelond deled on fyve,
To vyf kynges treweliche
That were ſuithe riche.
That on hade to his partie
That lond of Kent that is ſo druye,
Ant tueie biſchopes in ys lond,
Wel hy were beyne yfond;
The erchebiſchop of Caunterbury,
Ant of Roucestre, that ys mury.
The kyng of Eſex wes riche mon,
He hade to ys portion

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Wylteſchire, Barkſchyre,
Southſex, Southanteſchyre,
Sothereye, Somerſeteſchyre,
Derſettſchire and Deveneſchire,
Ant therto al Cornwayle;
Ant in is lond, ſauntz ſayle,
He hade vyf biſchopes riche,
Me nuſte no wer here yliche,
Of Salesbury wes that on,
He wes a ſuythe jolyf mon,
At Schyrebourne wes tho the ſe,
Ant nou at Salesbury ys he.
The biſchop of Welles alſo,
That at Bathe wonede tho,
The biſchop of Wynchestre,
Ant the biſchop of Chychestre,
Ant of Exetre alſo,
Thilke was deled atuo,
That on at Credynton, ſauntz faile,
That other at ſein Germeyn in Cornwaile.
The kyng of Merkyneriche,
Nes ther non ys yliche,
He hade Gloucestreſchire,
Wyrcestreſchire, and Warewikeſchire,

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Staffordſchire, and Schropſchire,
Al the march and Hereſordſchire,
Oxnefordſchire, ant Bokynghame,
Hertfordſchire, ant Hontindone,
Northamteſchire, ant Leycestre,
Lyncolneſchire, that ys betre,
Ant the ſchire of Notingham,
Rykemondeſchire, nis nout to blam:
Ant in is lond that wes ſo muche
He hade foure biſchopes riche;
Of Lyncolne, ant of Chestre,
Of Hereford, ant of Wyrcestre.
The kyng that wes of Eſtengle ſire
He hade Grauntebruggeſchyre,
Norfolk ant Bedefordſchyre,
Loncastel, and Blakebourneſchire;
Ant yn ys lond biſchopes thre,
Noble coynté large ant fre,
Of London, ant of Norwyk,
Ant the biſchop of Ely ek.
The kyng of Northumberlonde
Hade al the lond, ichonderſtonde,
Bituene a water that hatte Homber,
Ant Scotlond ther yt urneth under;

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Ant in is lond biſchopes tuo,
Grete lordinges were bo:
The erchebiſchop of Everwyk,
Ant the biſchop of Durham eke:
Thus wes Englond to-deled,
Ant uch kyng from other dreued,
So that ever the ſtrengore
Overcome the feblore,
Ant ever the richore
Overcom the porore.
Tho com kyng Egbryth,
Ant, wyth batayle ant fyht,
Made al Englond yhol
Falle to ys oune dol;
Ant ſethe he reignede her
Ahte ant tuenti folle yer:
At Wynchestre lyggeth ys bon,
Buried in a marbel-ſton.
After him Ethelwolf ys ſone
Hade this lond al ant ſome,
He hade ſones fyve
Er he partede of thiſſe live.
The eldeſte hatte Athelſton,
He wes a ſuithe jolyf mon.

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That other hatte Eylbryth,
He wes a ſtaleworthe knyht.
The thridde hatte Athelbaud,
In werre he made moni ſaut.
The furthe hatte Achelred.
The fyhte hatte Alured.
Ethelwolf in ys time ſone
Wende to the court of Rome;
There he wonede with the pope,
Ant dude ys lond lute note;
For he arerede of ys lond her
Thre hondred beſauntz uche yer,
That on he yef to arere the lyht
Of ſeint Peter apostel bryht;
Sethe he yef that other
To ſeint Poul ys brother;
The thridde he yef, ſauntz fayle,
To the ſelve apostoyle.
Yet he dude more qued
Ethelwolf or he were ded:
In Englond he arerede a lok
Of uche hous that come ſmok,
To Rome yef a peny, y wys,
That Petres peny cleped ys.

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Ethelwolf on that maner
Wonede at Rome thre yer,
Sethe he com hol ant found,
Bi Fraunce toward Engelond,
Ant weddede ther a ſuete thyng,
Charles dohter the grete kyng,
Dame Judyth wes hire nome;
Muche he lovede gle ant gome,
Tho he come to londe her,
Ne lyvede he bote tuo yer:
At the hyde of Wynchestre
Were his bones don in cheſte.
After him reignede Achelred,
In ys time, er he were ded,
Com the kyng of Denemarche,
With is hoſt ſtor ant ſtark,
Engelond to bywynne,
Ant ſle that ther weren ynne,
Ah Achelred ant Alured bo
Connen her mete ſuo,
That, in a lutel wyhte ſtounde,
Thę Deneys hy fellen to grounde.
After that bataille ſevé yer
Achelred wes kyng her;

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At Wybourne mustre, y wys,
Hys body yburied ys.
After him regnede Alured,
The wiseste kyng that ever et hred,
He wes bothe war ant wys,
Ant a mon of muche pris;
He made, thourh godes sonde,
The lawen en Engelonde;
Ant sethe he regnede her
Four ant tuenti folle yer;
At seint Poules liggeth is bon,
Buried in a marbre ston.
Thilke kyng Alured
Slepte lutel in ys bed,
Thenne he hade travail muche,
Ye mowe wel here wuche:
The tuenti-four tiden ariht,
That beothe in the day ant nyht:
Thilke he delede on threo,
Wel he bisette theo;
The aht he spende, ase mon mai rede,
In beden, ant ys almesdede;
That other aht ys body to reste;
The thridde aht were the beste;

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Thilke he ſpende ſaunt dotaunce,
Aboute thoht ant purveaunce,
Hou he myhte him wiſe ant rede,
Ant ys lond ariht lede.
He hevede a mon in hys chapele,
That thus this tiden con dele;
He made thre condlen by wyht,
That ſchulde berne day ant nyht,
When the on condle wes yde,
The aht tiden weren alſuo;
The kyng he warnede by thon,
Hys purpos ariht to don.
The rihtwiſe Alured kyng
Yet he dude more thyng:
Al his ryghte purchas
To povre abbeyes yef was;
Hys rentes he delede atuo,
Ne worthe never ys foule wo;
The halvedel thenne athreo
Wel he biſette theo;
That on partie he yef hem
That in ys court ſerveden hym;
That other he yef ythe hude,
To thilke that his werkes dude;

The thridde part he yef thenne
To uncothe povre menne;
Sethe he delede feire ant wel
On foure that other halvedel;
That on partie he fende by fonde
To thilke that were povre in londe;
That other to povre religiouns;
The thridde to povre cleregouns;
That other partie thenne yef he
To poure chirgen byyende the fe:
Thus livede the gode Alured
Ever forté he were ded.
After the gode Alured kyng,
Reignede Edward ys fone yyng,
He was bothe war ant wys,
In uch bataille he hade the prys.
Tharefore tho folke of Denemarche,
That beth bothe ftor and ftarke,
Of him were adred fo fore,
That in ys time never more
Ne dorften he comen in ys londe,
Leſte hem tidde fchome ant fchonde.
Thilke Edward hade in is lyves
Fourteen children by thre wyves,

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Nine dehtren ant five ſones,
That were ſuythe feyre gomes;
Of ys dehtren thre wymmen
To religioun yolden hem.
Alfled hatte that on levedy,
He wes abbeſſe at Romeyſy.
Ediht hatte that other may,
He wes abbeſſe at Wiltoun abbai.
The thridde hatte Aubourh,
An holi wommon thourh ant thourh.
Edward hede a ſoster fre,
No feirore levedy myhte be,
Ne wiſore of fele thyng,
He huêlp hire brother Edward kyng,
With hire wyt and hire rede,
His lond wel for to lede.
Longe er the kyng were ded,
He wes yeve to the erl Aylred,
That wes a god holy mon,
Ant on ys wif a child he won;
The levedy pinede ſo ſore,
Er that child were ybore,
That in hire pine he wes ſo wroht,
That he ſuor, ant made hire oht,

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Bi the vertu of Marie ſone,
Nevermore he nolde come
By hire lyne nyht ne day,
In the bed ther hire lord lay.
Edward reignede her
Vour ant tuenti yer;
At Wynchestre liggeth ys bon,
Buried in a marbre ſton.
After him reigned Athelſton,
God knyht, ant hardi mon,
Bothe by day, ant by nyht,
Wel he hueld his lond to ryht,
Gui of Warewyk livede tho,
Ant gode knyhtes fele mo.
Alle the theynes of Walſchelonde
He made bowe to ys honde,
Ant leyde ſuch truage on hem,
Ant on heore Walſche men,
That thre hondred pond of ſterlyng
Heo yeven Athelſton the kyng,
Ant eke tuenti pound of golde
Scotlond hym yeve ſcholde,
Yet Wales yeld more hym
Fif thouſent ſatte cun

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To the kyng uche yer,
Er he moſten be quite ant ſker.
Thilke kyng Athelſton
Heve a foster, ſo feir wommon
That in this world me nuſte non
So feir levedy of fleyſch ant bon;
Hylde hatte that maide fre,
That hath ſo muche of beautè.
Hughe that kyng in Fraunce wes
This maide to quene ches,
For heo wes ſo feir ant hende,
After hire he con ſende
The eorl Edulf of Beloyne,
The erles ſone Baldwyn of Coloyne,
He wes the kynges meſſager
In his neodes fer ant ner.
Tho he was to londe ycome
He fond the kyng at Abyndoun,
Tho he the kyng ymette
Wel feire he hyne grette,
A noble preſent he him brohte,
Ant of ys ſuster him byſohte
To ys lord ſyr Hugh the kyng,
That wes in Fraunce wonyng;

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Ant from him verreiment
He brohte a riche preſent,
That wes precioufe and deore,
Wuch hit wes ye mowe here:
Thre hondred ſteden mylk-whyte,
In the world nys heore ylyche,
The bridles were for the nones
Bygo with precioufe ſtones;
Yet he preſentede him alſo
Other thinges fele mo:
Themperoures fuerd Conſtantin,
The ſcaubert wes gold pur ant fin,
Therinne wes cloſed a nail gret
That ede thurh godes fet;
Ant he preſentede him the ſpere
That Charlemayne wes wonet to bere
To-fore the holy legioun,
That is of gret remisſioun;
Ant o partie of the holy rode,
That god ſchedde on ys blode,
Hit wes cloſed feir ant wel
In a criſtal everuch del;
Ant thre of the thornes kene
That were on godes hed ſene;

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Ant one riche croune of golde,
No richore king were ne ſcholde,
Biſet withinne ant withoute
With precioufe ſtones al aboute,
Richore croune nes never wroth
Sethe god made the world of noth.
Athelſton of this ſonde wes blythe,
Ant thonkede the king of Fraunce ſuythe,
His ſuster Hilde he him ſende,
Mid gret honour with hire he wende.
Sevé yer kyng Athelſton
Hueld this ilke kynedom,
Engelond that ys ſo muri,
And deyede, ant lyth at Malmesbury.
After him his ſone Edmond
Wes her kyng in Engelond,
Ah, aſe ſeggeth ſomme other,
Edmond wes Athelſtones brother.
Ah he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe ſyx yer.
Sethe byfel at one feſte,
At Canterbury, a cas unwreſte:
Aſe the kyng at mete ſeet,
He bihueld, ant underyeet,

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Of a thef that wes degifed
Among his knyhtes hende ant wyfe;
The king wes haftif ant ftarte up,
Ant hente the thef by the top,
Ant caſte him doun to the ſton;
The thef braid out is knyf anon,
Ant to the heorte the kyng thruſte,
Er eni of ys knihtes wyſte;
The lordinges ſtarten up uchon,
And the thef ſlowen anon,
Ah rathere he woundede moni on,
Thourh the fleiſch to the bon:
To Glastingbury me ber the kyng,
Ant made ther ys buryyng.
After that Edmond wes ded,
Reygnede his ſone Achelred,
A war mon ant a wys,
Ant a knyht of muche prys;
He reignede nyghe yer,
Ant wes yburied at Weſtmuster.
Tho anon after hym
Reignede ys ſone Edwyn;
He wes king of gret prys,
Ah of is bodi he wes unwys;

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The furſte dai that [he] croune nom
He birafte a god mon
Of ys wif for hire feirhede,
Of god he hade lutel drede,
Yet heo wes his coſine,
The ſore he ſervede more pyne.
He reignede foure yer,
To Wynchestre me him ber.
After him reigned Edgar,
A wys kyng ant a war,
Bothe by day ant by nyth,
Wel he hueld ys lond to ryth.
Thilke nyth that he was ybore
Seint Dunſtan wes glad therfore,
For he herde the ſtevene
Of the aungles of hevene,
In heore ſong ſegge by ryme,
Yhleſsed be that ilke time
That Edgar ybore wes,
For in ys time ſchal beo pees
Ever in his kynedom,
Whil he lyveth ant ſeint Dunſtan;
Ant ſo ther wes gret ſoiſoun
Of alle gode in ucha toun,

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For rith wiſore kyng then he was
Never yete ybore nas;
For alle the whyle that laſte is lyf
Lovede he nouther werre ne ſtryf,
Ne mon ther nas non ſo heh
That mysdude, feore other neh,
In ys lond, day other nyht,
Ayeynes the laghe eni wyht,
That he ſchulde fonge mede
After the ſelve misdede:
Hou ſchulde he ſperen eni mon
Wen he of beſtes wrache nom?
At Londone he hueld a parlement,
Ware-thurh Wales wes yſchent,
For thider to him he made come
The theynes of Wales alle ant ſome,
Him trewe lord for to holde,
Ant to ſueren him othes holde,
Ant bringen him truage ther
Thre houndred wolves uche yer,
Ant ſo hy dude treweliche
Thre yer plenerelyche,
The furthe ne mihten he finde none,
So clene he weren alle agone,

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Ant tho the king hit hem foryef,
Ne dude hem no more gref.
Edgar wes an holy mon,
That oure lord him cuthe con,
Afterward, aſe he wes wurthe,
That he hade leyen in urthe,
Sixti wynter under molde,
An abbot him remue wolde;
Aylwart hihte thilke abbot:
Aſe me wolde him nymen up,
Ant leggen in a throh of ſton,
He founden him bothe fleys ant bon
Al ſo hol, ant al ſo ſound,
Aſe he was leyd furſt in ground;
Hy nomen him up anon,
Ant wolden him leggen in the ſton
That the abbot hevede ilet make
For the nones to his ſake;
Ah ſo ſchert he was ywroht,
Iſtraht ne myhte he ligge noht,
Hys legges hy corven of anon,
Faſte by the kneo-bon,
Ah hy hit ne dude for non harm,
Ant the blode al ſo warm

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Hem ſtarte out opon,
Aſe hit were a quic mon;
The abbot that ther byſtod,
Seh that miracle feir ant god,
Ant lette him in a tounbe don,
Bothe in fleys and in bon;
Aſe me him in tounbe dude,
A wodmon botnede y the ſtude,
Ant a blindmon hede ſihte,
Ant mighte ſeon ſuithe bryhte;
Ant a cripel eke anon
Ther him ſtralhte ant myhte gon.
Edgar reignede her
Evene fixtene yer;
Tho he wes ded, afterward
Reygnede hys ſone Edward;
Ah he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe thre yer,
That Eſtryld his ſtepmoder,
Selde beth ther eny gode,
Him apoiſonede that he was ded,
To maken hire ſone Achelred
Her king in Engelonde,
Ant ſo he wes with ſchome ant ſchonde,

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For never pes in is time nas,
Bote whil ſein Dunſtan alive was.
The king hede a ſtiward,
That was fel ant culvard,
He was cleped Edrich,
Nes no traitour his ylich,
He was ſuikel fals ant fel,
Ant thah the king him luvede wel,
Ant tolde him his conſail,
Ant the traitour uchadel
Sende hit to Denemarke,
By meſſagers ſtor ant ſtarke.
Haneloc com tho to this lond,
With gret hoſt ant eke ſtrong,
Ant ſloh the kyng Achelred,
At Weſtmustre he was ded:
Ah he hevede reigned her
Sevene ant tuenti fulle yer.
Ant yet the Engliſche ofte ilome
Thourh bataile Deneis overcome,
Ant crouneden at Northamptoun
Edmound, Achelredes ſone,
For is proueſſe ant his ſtreynthe,
He wes abrede ant o leinthe

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Cleped yent this lond wide
Edmound Irenefide.
Yet, in the fomer afterward,
Come the Deneiſe hideward,
Ant conne fihte with Edmound,
That was king in Engelond,
Ene heo him overcome,
Ant he hem eft-ſone,
So that heo acordeden,
Ant this lond to-deleden
Riht evene atuo
Bituene the kynges tho,
Thourh conſail of Edrich,
Nes never traitour him ylich.
Sethe deyede Edmound,
Thourh Edriches treſoun,
Ah he ne hevede yreined her
Nout bote tuo yer.
Tho hevede kyng Knout
Al this lond out and out;
Tho come the traitours of this lond
That heden traiſed Edmond,
Ant ſlawen him to dede,
Thourh Edriches rede,

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Ant were jolif ant proud,
Ant tolden hit to kyng Knout,
For heore foule treſoun
Hy wenden habbe wariſoun;
Ah Knout wes a god mon,
Ant made hem telle here ſuykedom
Ant for that treſoun that hy dude
Hy were to-drawen wythe ſtude;
Ant ſo thourh god reſoun
He yeld hem heore treſoun.
Sethe ſone after thas
Ther bifel a wonder cas,
Ant a muche feorlych,
Bituene the kyng ant Edrich:
At Londone in a ſoler,
Anyht after ſoper,
Bituene Edrich ant the kyng
Aros a repreofing;
Sire kyng, ſeide Edrich,
Who wende that thou wer ſich?
Underſtondeſt the noht
Hou dere ichabbe thi love aboth?
Y lette bitraye thilke mon
That muche gode me dude on,

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Al the mastrie of ys lond,
Al wes in myn hond,
Ant ich him lette sle with gyn,
To make the kyng after hym,
Ant thou serveſt thus me
To wrotherhele y lovede the.
The kyng wes ful sore agremed,
Ant of ys wordes suithe aschomed.
Sire Edrich, seide the kyng,
Thou ne gabbeſt nothing,
With gile ant wyth suykedom,
Thou letteſt thi lord to dethe dom,
That the dude muche honour,
Ant thou were his traitour,
Ant after trecherie ant gile
Me schal yelde the thy whyle.
The king him lette bynde
His honden him byhynde,
Ant his fet also
Were bounde bo tuo,
Ant at a windou caſten out
Right doun into Temeſe flod:
So endede he his day,
God ys soule jugge may!

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King Knout in londe her
Reignede evene tuenti yer.
After thilke kyng Knout,
Reignede his ſone Hardeknout;
He wes king Knoutes ſone,
Ant a ſuithe jolyf gome:
He reignede her
Evene ahte ant tuenti yer.
After reignede Edward,
Knoutes ſone bastard,
He wes a god holy mon,
Ant lovede wel is cristendom.
He reignede her
Four an tuenti yer,
Ant ſix moneth alſo;
At Weſtmunſtre he deyede tho.
Sethe reignede a god gome,
Harald, Godwyne ſone,
He wes cleped Harefot,
For he wes urnare god.
He ne reignede her
Bote nyghe moneth of a yer.

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WILLAM BASTARD DE NORMAUNDIE.

Tho com with gret chevalerie
Willam bastard of Normaundie,
Ant Engelond al he won,
Ant hueld hit áſe ys kynedom;
King Harald he overcom,
Ant lette him to dethe don.
Kyng Harald, ful y wys,
At Waltham yburied ys;
Ant thenne Willam bastard
Hueld al this lond to hys part.
Ant tho he made, ſauntz fayle,
The abbeye of the bataille.
Willam bastard wes kyng her
On ant tuenti fulle yer,
Sethe he deyede at Ham,
In Normandie, at Caham.
After his endyng
Reignede Willam the rede kyng;
He wes luther ant unwreſt,
He made a newe foreſt,
Fifti moder chirchen ant mo
He lette falle, ant chapeles bo,

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Ant clene caſten adoun,
And made wode ther wes toun;
That dude his ſoule lute note,
For ſethe therinne he was yſchote,
With an arewe kene ant ſmert,
That wes idrawe to an hert;
Water Tyrel the arewe droh,
Ant the king thermidè he ſloh.
He reignede threttene yer,
To Wynchestre me him ber.
Sethe reignede an other,
Henry ys oune brother,
He reignede her
Evene five ant thritti yer.
Henry thilke kyng
Lyth yburied at Redyng.
Sethe wel evene
Reignede kyng Stevene;
He reignede her
Evene tuenti yer;
He wes a god holi man,
Ant wes buried at Faverſham.
After him reigned Henry,
God mon ant hardy,

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The erles ſone of Chaunpaigne,
Ant a mon of muche mayne;
His moder, aſe ye habbeth herd her this,
Hyhte Mahaud the emperis.
He reignede her
Evene four ant thritti yer,
Thilke Henry the kyng
Dude a ſuithe wonder thing;
Tho he hevede reigned her
Sixtene fulle yer
He made take Henry ys ſone,
Ant croune him kyng at Londone,
Ant tho in Englond kynges were
Tuey Henryes that crounen bere,
Ant whil the ſone alive wes
Bituene her wes lute pes;
Ah the ſone ycrouned her
Livede threttene yer.
After Henry the ſones dethe,
Henry the fader livede unneth,
Vyf yer in Engelond,
Ant hueld this lond in ys hond;
Ant thah the ſone croune bere
The fader hueld is date here,

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Ant al Engelond y hol,
Al to is oune dol.
The erchebiſchop, ſeint Thomas,
In heore time martired was.
Tho deyede the fader Henry her,
That reignede thritti-four yer.
Tho anon afterward
Reignede ys ſone Richard;
Richard queor de lyoun,
That was his fournoun;
Ah he ne reignede her
Bote unnethe ten yer.
Sethe he was yſchote, alas!
At Castel-Gailard ther he was;
At Fount-Everard liggeth his bon.
Sethe reignede kyng Jon,
In is time al Engelonde
Wes entredited with wronge,
Thourh an erchebiſchop,
That wes wis mon ant nout ſot.
He hihte Stevene of Longedon,
The kyng him nolde underfon,
He reigned ſeventene yer;
To Wyrcestre me him ber.

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After him reignede Henry,
A god kyng ant holy;
In his time wes werre ſtrong,
Ant gret ſtryf in Engelond;
Bituene the barouns ant the kyng,
Wes gret ſtryvyng
For the preveance of Oxneford,
That ſire Simound de Mountfort
Meintenede: ant gode lawes
Therfore he les his lyf-dawes.
He reignede her
Fifti-fix folle yer,
Ant tuenti dawes therto;
At Weſtmustre he wes leid tho.
Sethe reignede a god gome,
Edward his oune ſone,
He was icleped conquerour;
God yeve his ſoule muchel honour!
In werre com he never, y wys
That he ne had the meſte prys:
He reignede her
Thritti-five fulle yer,
Ahte moneth, ant dawes thre,
In Engelond king wes he.

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Tho anon afterward
Reignede hys ſone Edward;
Thilke Edward, ſauntz-fayle,
Yef the erldome of Cornwayle
To ſire Pieres of Gavaston,
That for envie wes ynome.
The lordinges of Engelonde
To him heveden gret onde,
For he wes wel with the kyng,
Heo heveden him in henyng,
Ant ſeiden he wes traitour
To the king ant to heore honour,
Ant for he wes loverdſuyke,
Heo ladden him to Warewyke,
At Gaveresfich, ye mowe wyte,
Ther his heved wes of ſmyte.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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